THE FLOVVER OF FIDELITY.

Relating exactly,

The various Adventures of Three Foraign PRINCES, Intermixed with variety of Letters and pleasant Sonnets.

BY

JOHN REYNOLDS,

of *Exon* Merchant,

Author of that Excellent HISTORIE, Entituled,

[*Gods Revenge against Murther.*]

LONDON,

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TO
The Right Worſhipful, his loving father-in-Law, *Richard Waltham* Eſquire,

and Juſtice of Peace and Quorum in the County of *Devon:*

JOHN REYNOLDS, your obedient Sonne, *wiſheth as much proſperity as the Gods can diſtribute, or You deſire.*

IF the Golden Axioms (Right Worſhipful) of Grave *Pythagoras* be authentical, I am then by the influence of his flouriſhing precepts induc'd to believe, that courteſies once received ought to be repaied with thanks; which harmonical Nectar-ſentence penetrating the (*Dædalian*) cittadel of my adrupt Muſe,

as alſo preſenting th'Idæa of your kindneſſe before the Theater of my contemplations; I could in conceit reap no (Ambroſian) applauſe of my capacity, untill (although in *Baucis* homely diſh) I had preſented you with the firſt *April*-fruits of my cerebroſities extraction: by vertue of which audacious reſolution (arming my Muſe with obedience, and my Pen with ſubmiſſive humility) I have preſum'd to preſent you this my unpoliſhed Pamphlet, or rather to betake my *FLOWER OF FIDELITIE* under the (benigne) wings of your worthy patronage: the material effect whereof (albeit deriv'd from the Index of *Cytherea*) I have ſo overvailed with the maske of chaſte modeſty, that I hope not onely the apparition of ſcandaliſing method is aboliſhed, but alſo the Phyſnomy of ſuperfluous amorous terms (which may not correſpond with the climate of your complexion) utterly raz'd out. Accept therefore, worthily Worſhipful, this my peeviſh Pamphlet, as the pledge of my zealous affection; and grace my *FLOWER OF FIDELITIE* with this happineſſe, to be eſtabliſhed in the fragrant Garden

den of your flouriſhing Library: ſo ſhall I eſteem my Labours coroniz'd with the Laurel of content, my Muſe inveſted with the exquiſite Trophies of applauſe, and my ſelfe ſmooth'd up in the Terreſtial *Eden* of fortunate delectation.

Your obedient ſon and devoted ſervant

JOHN REYNOLDS.

A Sonnet ſent by the Author to all Beauteous and Vertuous Gentlewomen.

You Soveraigne Nymphs, whoſe Crimſon-chryſtal Dye
Obſcures the taint of Juno's *Lovely face,*
Tow which for ſumptuous Princely Modeſty
Like fair Diana *through the ſtreets do trace,*
Come leave your taskes and with a gracious looke.
Peruſe the method of my Pamphlet-Booke.

Therein doth no Laſcivious phraſe remaine,
But onely ſparkes of chaſte FIDELITIE.
Wherefore ſweet Nymphs let me this Boone obtain
That midſt your triumphs in May's jollity.
Together with your Diapred Noſegayes fair
You will vouchſafe my faithful FLOWER *to wear.*

F. R.

The Preface.

THe generality of ingenious Philoſophers, within whoſe induſtrious capacities Diſcretion ſitteth triumphant, do in the ſympathie of their reſolutions confeſſe, that there is no Love comparable to that which is built upon the Rock of Vertue; divine experience doth by (ſacred) examples daily demonſtrate us, that deſires which exceed the limits of Honour, are alwayes in the prime of their hopes meritoriouſly croſt by ſome prejudicial misfortune: whereas on the contrary, Love grounded upon a ſacred determination, doth not only moſt flouriſhingly live in fortunate proſperity, but likewiſe dieth in moſt bliſful aſſured felicity: God at all times hateth a diſloyal heart, and with the events of contentation coronizeth that Love whoſe effects tend to unfained fidelity. The rage of Loves paſſions are great, and ſo great, that in a manner all eſteeme Venus powerful; for firſt ſhe (as mother) predeſtinateth, and then Cupid (as her obedient ſon) ſtriketh whom ſhe commands. By Nature all men are made of one eſſential ſubſtance, yet being produc'd under divers Planets, Love with her intricate authority doth

more

more torment some then others; for beauty hath such power, and her power such vertue, that (in a manner) all Mortals are some times scorcht with the ardent flames of her tirannical recognisance; as well Potentates, as Impotents, fight under the banner of Beauty; and Cupid, the Paphian Archer, being blind, as soone strikes Robes as Rags; Art can never displace the impression which Nature hath imprinted, nor Dignities ever avoid that which Divinity setteth down for a period. All men are subject to Love; therefore no marvel if Love so seize the top of Princes conceits, that they build their external felicity upon enjoying their Mistris favour; and lay their (sacred supposed) foundation of hope, in being inrolled a servant upon the memorial of their Saints contemplations: Youthful fancies very often run at randome; yet being once in the field of love, vanquished by the prospect of some excelling beauty, they so render themselves captives to the (Circes) inchantments of partial complexions, that they will not onely ingage their constancy for the obtaining of their hearts desire; but also pawn their lives, yea fidelities, for the establishing of their breasts contentation; as by the sequel of this ensuing History shall most manifestly appeare.

THE

THE FLOWER OF FIDELITY.

IN the thrice renowned Island of *Cycilia*, (which being situated in the Center of the Mediteranean sea, is most gallantly embelished with the Treasure of *Ceres* and *Flora*) before ever the inhumane pride of tyrannizing *Spain* domineered in these Quarters; there sometimes reigned a vertuous and valorous King named *Druyno*, whose skill in Martial exploits, and knowledge in industrious Sciences did no lesse daunt the courage of his professed enemies abroad, than with content satisfie the expectation of his loyal Subjects at home. Who having lived a long time with his beautifull Queen (and wife) *Gratiana*, without Issue, being daughter to *Polydor* King of *Barbaria*, had at last in his old declining age, when Reason would have induc'd men to believe that his hoary white hairs (as the Avant Coureurs of *Thanatos*) betokened a speedy death, A very gallant young Son; to the no little applause of his aged Father, and no lesse rejoycing of his (more than) joyful Subjects; who in stellification of their young Prince his Nativity, so sumptuously solemnized his

Birth with Heroical triumphs, that all forein travellers being spectators of their voluntary Bountifulnes, might condignly conjecture them (I mean the generality of true-hearted *Cicilians*) to be exactly ravished in an extasie of celestial contentation. Which Princely Babe being baptised with such pompous (magnificent) solemnity, as was correspondent to his Noble extraction, was in fine by the King his Father (with the consent of his honorable Parents) named *Thalineno*. Who being nurst with care, and disciplinated by the most expert Martia ists of *Europa*; At the age of seven years, had so well profited in the (courageous) School of *Bellona*, that the Physnomy of his face, as true Almanacks of future Qualities, did perfectly prognosticate that his Princely self would at the age of reason undoubtedly merit to be triumphantly crowned with the superlative Laurel garland of Olimpian dignified fame. Beautiful he was of complexion; more curiously resembling *Adonis* than *Paris*: Courteous he was of demeanour; for his benignity surpassed the affability of *Alexander*: And more than exceeding discreet he was of Capacity; for that from his supereloquent Tongue flew the very inchanting Phrases of admired *Demosthenes*. So that as Nature had surpassed her (intricate) skill, in framing him outwardly most excellent; Art likewise had bestowed her chiefest curiosity in building the Temple of his Cerebrosity with the prime of ingenious industry. *Pallas*, if she had heard his report, would have praised his perfection: *Juno*, if she had seen his Personage, should have forsaken her *Jupiter*: and the *Syrenes* them-

themſelves, if they had ſettled their ſights upon the ſoyl of his Phyſnomie, would have withdrawn their melody from fearful *Vliſſes*, and tun'd the harmony of their Voyces to inveſt onely *Thalmeno* their Favourite; who in the bloomy ſpring-time of his tender Juvenility demonſtrated ſo many vertuous Apparitions of his Princely towardneſſe, that King *Druyno* his Father rendred many millions of thanks to ſacred *Jehovah* for giving him ſo ſweet a Sonne; and his joyful *Cicilians* yielded devout gratulations to Goddeſſe *Fortune*, for affording them ſo gallant an Heir to their flouriſhing Empire. Which Heroical young Prince being the very Map of Modeſty, the Patron of Piety, and the Flower of Audacious Magnanimity; had no ſooner made the Horologe of Time ſound the year fifteenth of his age, but having from his cradle his toſticated conceits fixt upon renowned Travel, did upon the Rock of his valorous Reſolutions ſo conſtantly determine to try what the event of his Princely fortunes might be, that youthful (yet Majeſtical) deſires, ſtill kindling within the embers of his heroical affection, did at laſt ſo flame to the abſolute fire of a deſperate Determination, that hap life or death *Thalmeno* reſolved, and in reſolving vowed to paſſe the blaſts of *Boreas* and ſtreams of *Neptune*; the better to adorn the ſtorehouſe of his conceits, with the ſtrange Accidental ſights of ſome foreign Novelties. But here a main battel of incumbrances began to pitch a million of Doubts in the inſpiring Cell of his Imaginations: For firſt conſidering, that to depart *ſans Conge*, were to bereave his Father of his onely

Comfort, and to forſake *Cicilia* were to withdraw his ſtaffe of Conſolation; (The which precedent premiſes conſidering) he again reſolved to entomb his military Reſolution in the evaporating duſt of Oblivion: ſo that ſmothering up the ſubmiſſive Motives of Obedience in the concavity of Self-will; and pricking forward the ſuperbity of his ſenſes with dignified Spur of honour; he laſtly reſolved, that maugre the effects of Fortune, or the treachery of Time, very ſoon to depart. But this his private ſecrecy was not ſo ſurely conceal'd in ſilence, but the news thereof arrived (to the Harbour of his couſin *Palmas* underſtanding, being onely Sonne to *Blithgora* King of *Egypt*, who having his capacity tickled with the exquiſite Etymology thereof, could reap no perfect reſt of his diſturb'd Contemplation, untill he had engaged himſelf a Participator of his Couſins adventurous proceedings. Whereupon finding *Thalmeno* in the Arboury deſolate, he very familiarly began to diſcover him the Phyſnomy of his audacious reſolution: The which Zephyr-novelty *Thalmeno* no ſooner underſtood, but being in conceit with celeſtiall Applauſe raviſhed, in that he found ſo Princely compartner of his future fortunes, he to the purity of affectionate intreaty moſt ſoon condeſcended: So that each taking a Page, with ſuch commodious neceſſaries as was befitting their Voyage, they very cloſely in a night (when the Moon being overſhadowed with obſcure Clouds, ſeemed to condeſcend to their reſolutions) moſt ſecretly departed, directing their courſe to *Trapani* one of the chiefeſt

Ports

Ports in *Cicilia*; where finding an *Argazil* ready to set sail, bound for the Countrey of *Arabia* they instantly (with rejoycing contemplations, being glad that Dame Fortune had so soon provided them speedy passages, without making the King, Court, or Commons acquainted with their pretence) imbarqued themselves. Who after finding these two tender Princes absent; what sorrowful mournings, melancholly aggravations and distempered dolefulnesse was in all places, but especially in the Palace-Resident, I referre to the discreet Readers impartiall censure. And in respect that our History dependeth not on their Bewailings, but on the adventurous proceedings of our Bloomy young Princes; I will for a while leave their sorrows to be comforted by the *Dictamnum* of patience: And return again to the azured Common-wealth of *Neptune*, whereon these our Princely Parogons were fortunately sailing; who tracing upon the Deck, not onely reaped exquisite applause, to see the *Armatho* furiously cut through the surges of the Seas, but also enjoyed the Prerogative of delectable exhilaration in beholding the Zephyr-Gale fairly blow the Swanlike Sails from the superbious Mast. Which so long lasted, that in time they were fortunately come within kenne of their desired Port: whereat the whole company, but especially our two young Princes rejoycing, they forthwith generally rendred many millions of zealous gratulations to Divine *Jove*, in that so favourably he had blest them with wished for successe: who seeing their *Argosill* at an Anchor, and having invested

themſelves with freſh Habiliments, did thereupon forthwith entreat the Maſter to ſet them aſhore, which immediately was accompliſhed: At whoſe triumphant departure, the heroical Mariners let flye ſuch a thundering peal of Ordnance, that the Report thereof rebounding from the concavity of the clifty Shores, not onely made theſe our valorous Martialiſts tremble, but alſo terrified *Bellona* her ſelf (being reſident) in the citadel of her celeſtial Monarchy, but the brumy ſmoak thereof being evaporated with the freſhneſſe of the furious wind, our Princely Gallants inſtantly attained the Shores, and royally rewarded the Boatſens gang; they betook themſelves to the commencing of their deſperate adventures, where through the *African* Deſarts they ſolitarily ſo long travelled, that at laſt being deſtitute of victuals, and not finding wherewith to content nature (in reſpect theſe parts were un-inhabited) they paſſionately tracing theſe unknown Groves, very grievouſly began to exclaim upon the inhumane diſaſter of their miſerable calamities; but in vain, for they ſaw no food to repleniſh their hungry appetites, unleſſe to have brutiſhly fed upon unknown roots; which exactly they diſdained, hoping ere long to harbour themſelves in ſome homely Cottage, where with ruſtical Cates they might appeaſe their gormandiſing hunger: Upon the foundation of which hope, advancing their pace, they at laſt came to the deſcent of a deep Valley, wherewith a faint courage very penſively walking, they through the thicket of an ancient Forreſt might eſpie the Architecture

tecture of ſome domeſtical Manſion, which to their ſorrowful contemplations, producing unexpected encouragement, they arming themſelves with audacity, thereunto directed their courſe; where being to the outer gate arrived, they beheld a famous Caſtle of ſumptuous edifice, but ſolitarily ſituated in the Center of the aforeſaid Foreſt, that the wind piercing moſt dolefully through the branches of the lofty Cedars, made ſuch a mournful murmur of diſconſolate melody, that the doleſulneſſe thereof drave our two young Princes into a very diſtaſteful conceit of effeminate deſpair: but at laſt hunger conſtraining them, they reſolved to enter; where opening the outergate, they paſt the firſt Court without eſpying any; and entering the ſecond they beheld a delicious Court moſt ingeniouſly paved with illuſtrious Marble, which very ſtately was circumference'd with a ſumptuous arch'd Gallery, propp'd up by pillars of bright ſhining Alabaſter; from which by chance reflecting their eyes, they forthwith ſaw a ſweet amiable Lady, which under the umbrage of a Fig-tree ſate recreating her ſenſes with the dulcid ſound of a delectable Lute, and thereunto contracting her Angelical voyce, ſhe harmoniouſly breathed out this ſorrowful Sonnet.

My mournful breaſt! into the duskie ayre
Send forth ſad ſighes, true witneſſe of thy plaint;
Band pearled tears into Jove's ſacred Spheare,
And ſhew how with Love's ſorrows thou doſt faint.

Unvail the curtains of thy misery
Before the Throne of great Jehovah's *sight,*
That contemplating on thy Tragedy,
He may send favour on thy side to fight;

Post therefore tears to Juno's *Diety,*
Relate thy rage, display thy Passions fire:
Sincerely crave of her bright Sanctity,
The comble of thy mournfull hearts desire.

Fly thobbing sighs unto Dame fortunes throne,
And thunder forth the taint of thy distresse:
Unmask the Subject of thy direfull moan,
*And of her (*Janus*)power implore redresse.*

And both like twins of Dame Latona *fair,*
Through Thetis *sail unto the* Paphian *Isle:*
Solicite Venus *and young* Cupid *rare,*
That now discordant fate they will exile,

And safely send Prince Mædor *to thy sight,*
Whose Physnomy with chaste applauds my soul
Hath vow'd eternally for to unite,
And character in Adamantine roll.

The which as soon as she had ended, repeating again and again the name of *Medor*, one might apparently perceive many pearled tears distil down the (sacred) soyl of her *Vermilion* cheeks, as also manifestly hear many secret sighes, which her perplexed

plexed heart ſent forth, as teſtimonials of her tormented paſſions: and therewithall lifting up her eyes towards the ſeat of her celeſtiall Maker (as being overcome with too many in ſupportable ſorrows) ſhe inſtantly ſhrinking to the ground, fell into a dangerous trance. The which Tragicall ſpectacle our two young Princes perceiving, very ſoon advancing their pace, ſtept to her aſſiſtance; And elevating her from the Flowrie-bank, whereon ſhe was fallen, they uſed ſuch, or at leaſt the beſt preſervative means for her recovery, as their unskilfull (though willing) induſtry could afford them: So that in time (by good fortune) ſhe again recovered; And remembering her ſelf (or at leaſt thinking to remember her ſelf) and ſeeing theſe two ſtrangers before her, ſhe very diſdainfully (having anger ſeated in the furrows of her Brow) uttered theſe or the like words following.

GEntlemen (for ſo the Phyſnomy of your favor and proſpect of your perſonages, invites me to term you) if you knew how divinely quiet I endured the enjoyance of this dangerous ſwound (or rather deadly ſlumber) whereinto I was fallen, I abſolutely know (or at leaſt audaciouſly conjecture) that in equity and reaſon you would have refrained from diſturbing me of my reſt, and alſo permitted me to reap the tenuity of my conſolation: But ſince things paſt cannot be recall'd, becauſe accidents once produced, do ſoon fly far, having Times wings; I will, on condition you ſpeedily

ſpeedily depart my Caſtle, for this your firſt offence give you an abſolute pardon. I have here wholly betaken my ſelf to ſorrowfulneſſe, and have long ſince devoted my zeal to the ſhrine of diſconſolation, my deſire is neither to ſee nor be ſeen, but rather to lead the Pilgrimage of my life from the ſight of any: This ſolitary place I have elected for my Purgatory; And here, unleſſe death prevent my premeditations I reſolve to abide the return of a moſt dear Friend of mine, which inconſtant Fortune this fourty Moneths hath detained from me. I in heart hate the ſight of any, and for his ſake loath the proſpect of all. Therefore at the requeſt of a ſorrowful Lady, (or if ever a tormented Damſel, may gain acceptance at the Bar of your Diſcretion) I beſeech you delay not to depart, that according to my accuſtomed manner I may ſincerely upon the Altar of his abſence, devoutly ſacrifice my affectionate ſighes; In token, that till death in the Garden of my Maiden Amity, the reſemblance of his ſelf, and *Idea* of his perfections, ſhall (to my everlaſting comfort and fools contentation) immortally flouriſh.

The Princes having very lowly ſaluted this lovely Lady, and with attentive ears liſtned to the effect of her ſpeeches, They both began or at leaſt *Thalmeno* for both, inſtantly to frame her this benigne reply.

Right vertuous Lady! (for ſo your inward qualities and exterior perfections demonſtrate you to

to be) if our ſudden arrivall hath prejudiced your ſorrowful devotions, or detained you from executing ſome ſervice due to your Friend; by ſo much the more we are thereof exceedingly diſcontented. But ſince the purity of our pretence may plead for the excuſe of our audacity, and the innocency of our reſolutions crave remiſſion for our boldneſſe; we doubt not, but having heard the Hiſtory of proceedings, you will in equity afford us a benigne pardon: For know fair Lady, that we are both Princes; the one heir apparant to the Crown of *Egypt*, and the other to the Diadem of *Cicilia*; Our Names *Palma* and *Thalmeno:* who in the prime of our bloomy minority, before the conſideration of future fortune was eſtabliſhed in the Zenith of our capacities, we reſolved to travel, and ſo ſecretly imbarquing our ſelves (without taking leave of our Parents) we of late arrived in the next brdering Harbour; ſince which time, as (faithleſſe) Fortune would, (Errour being our guide) we ſtrayed into aan unknown Deſart, where theſe three dayes we have moſt dangerouſly travelled, without finding ſuſtenance to relieve our hungry ſtomacks; So that at laſt ranging theſe ſolitary Forreſts, we fortunately arrived to the view of this your Caſtle: Our pretence, fair Lady, is not to incur your indignation, but onely to entreat you to relieve us with ſome benigne demonſtrations of courteſie; that in giving Nature her due, we may avoid the tyrannizing dint of Death, which moſt inhumanely doth now begin to domineer over us: which if you effect, as vertuous reaſon cannot well

well deny we ſhall continually remain ſervants both to your Bounty and Beauty; and till the period of death, hold the term of our lives as again re-bought by your Majeſticall Merits, and likewiſe depart when it ſhall pleaſe you to command us.

The Lady pondering upon theſe pitiful ſpeeches, very ſoon in her breaſt conceived a motion of relentation, which flaming in the embers of her zealous imaginations, very ſecretly commanded her to entertain them with all agreeable curioſity: ſo that taking them kindly by the hand, ſhe moſt debonairly conducted them to a very ſumptuous Dining-chamber, where cauſing her waiting Virgins to attend, and furniſh the Table with ſuch ſtore of rich poverty as her ſolitary Cell could afford, They very orderly without the vanity of prolixious ceremonies fell hungerly to their meat; till repaſt being done, the Princes ſatisfied, and the Table taken up, *Thalmeno* ſtill burning with deſire to know the effectuall cauſe of this Ladies deſolate retirement, evpaporating baſhfulneſſe, and arming his capacity with courage, he very boldly (yet with a Princely grace) continued his familiar Oration as followeth:

MOſt beautiful Damſell if the repetition of your misfortunes renew not your grief, or the diſplay of your ſorrows increaſe not your diſconſolations, I would (if I might crave ſo much grace at your Lilly hands) entreat you to relate why

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ſo ſadly you make this Deſart your domeſtical Manſion. And the occaſion why ſo often with vollies of ſighes you repeat the name of *Medor*. Me thinks your Beautifull face, Slender perſonage, Majeſtical compórtment, and vertuous perfections, ſhould rather befit a Monarchs Court than a rural Countrey, and a Princes bed than a Pilgrims Cottage. But whether wade I ſo far, ſince by experience I am taught to ſee, that all are ſubject to fate, and none exempt from adverſity? for aſſoon the Prince as the Peaſant, the Madame as the Milkmaid, are (or at leaſt may be) croſt with the dart of *Cupid*, the ſting of ſorrow, or the Tyranny of misfortune; Therefore fair Lady, if any of theſe diſtaſtful accidents have befaln you, with the (Soveraign) ſalve of patience ſo mollifie your paſſions, and raze out your ſorrows, that the reſidence of aggravation may not overtop the bloſſoms of your flouriſhing Juvenility, and ſo Tragically bring your beautiful ſelf to the (untimely) enjoyance of a deſperate Martyrdome.

The Lady perceiving Prince *Thalmeno* had now ended his ſpeech; For anſwer thereunto replyed him as followeth.

KNow, vertuous Prince, that I have long ſince loved a Noble Cavalier, the abſence of whom hath willingly conſtrained me to live thus ſolitarily. Name him I will not, becauſe the motive thereof will refreſh the birth of my accuſtomed diſconſolation: yet in reſpect you ſhall not condemn

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me of perverſe ingrateful coyneſſe, I will (if you pleaſe to attend my arrival) hye me to my Cloſet, and there conſtrain my trembling Pen to indite the ſecrets of his Miſtris ſorrows, and in effect to diſcover the ſole Hiſtory of my as yet tragical misfortunes.

Our two young Princes joyful of this benigne courteſie, accepted of her proffer; and ſo having familiarly ſaluted each other, the Lady inſtantly with a tormented Complexion departed.

But by that time a future hour was ſpent, and ſwiftly conſtrained to follow his forepaſt predeceſſors; Lo, immediately the Lady deſcended the ſtairs, and ſo preſenting her ſelf to their views, delivered them this ſhort ſpeech following.

MOſt renowned Princes! To ſatisfie your earneſt demands, here take this ſcroll; wherein though rudely, yet ſincerely I have demonſtrated the cauſe of my retiring hither, and penn'd down the ſorrows which in heart I do (more than ſorrowfully) endure. My preſent wealth is ſuch, as I cannot afford you many gifts; yet as a Teſtimonial of my zealous affection towards you, here take theſe Victuals and ſmall ſummes of money, to repleat your neceſſities, when any future occaſion ſhall preſent. What you find fault with in this Caſtle, I pray forget with favour, or in me I beſeech you remit with partiality: in recompence whereof, I will ſacrifice my devout prayers for the eſtabliſhing of your proſperity, & beſeech th' Almighty

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to send you a most fortunate and safe Return. In hope whereof, betaking you to your journey, and my self to my accustomed Cell of disconsolations, I most dolefully in all Honour take my sorrowful *Conge*.

Thalmeno and *Parma* receiving the Scroll, with weeping tears kist her mournful cheeks; And so rendring her many millions of thanks for their unmerited courteous entertainment, most sorrowfully departed, directing their course to a very high Mountain: Whose top having attained, and burning with desire to peruse the Scroll, they at last casting themselves on a green Bank, embelished with the essence of many diapred Flowers, under the covert of a stately Pine-tree, whose branches were likewise apparelled with a summers vesture; taking the Paper in their hand, found this or the like therein contained.

ADmired Princes! (as well for your vertuous qualities, as heroical conditions) being that in courtesie you have requested my abrupt Muse to relate you the cause of this my desolate retirement, Know (valorous Martialists) that I am *Florina*, the onely daughter of *Agenor* King of *Numidia*; who attaining to the perfect age wherein Nature seems to triumph in the delectable pleasure of Nuptial ceremonies, I was sought for in marriage by divers Princes both of *Africa* and *Europe*; whereof as the King my Father affected some for their private wealth, so others I hated for their publick enormities;

mities; in such sort, that to be plain I could not esteem of any with whom I was contented to finish the limits of this my terrestriall pilgrimage: by vertue whereof, I some two years remained without either fixing mine eyes upon the influence of Love, or ever devoting my breast to the shrine of affection. But at last *Cupid* storming at my Liberty, and *Venus* her self at my single estate, (acknowledging that there was no life but Love, nor no paradise but the pleasures of Marriage) they so bent their invective ambition against my innocency; that at last by the means of *Fortune*, which had likewise intruded her self in the union of their sympathy, they unexpectedly to my Fathers Court sent a sweet young Prince named *Medor*, being son and heire to *Orlando* King of *Biafara*; which Prince being penetrated with the report of my Personage, came of purpose to *Numidia* to protest him my Servant: Upon the soyl of whose beautifull Complexion I no sooner settled the influence of my Regards, but I immediately felt the flames of fancy sparckle within the concavity of my tormented breast. On the other side, Prince *Medor* so often frequented my company, that at last (if his Protestations were unfained) he reposed his bliss in my Beauty, and reaped his chiefest pleasure in enjoying my (desired) presence: So that tract of time did (by reason of many amourous Glances) so firmly unite our affections with the twist of combined Ratification, that in few dayes I became mistris of his thoughts, and he master of my imaginations. But now despightfull Destiny resolving to metamorphose our

sweet

ſweet *Nectar* into bitter *Aconitum*; began to diſplay part of his infidelity: For the news of this our late familiarity being bruited throughout the Court, did in fine arrive to the King my Fathers underſtanding; who ſtorming at this unexpected event, (becauſe he bore a ſecret malice to *Orlando* Prince *Medors* Father) reſolved not only to nip the bloſſoms of this our tender Affections in the *April* of their minority, but alſo to blaſt the Buds of our Love in the ſpring-time of their juvenility: In reſpect whereof, ſending for Prince *Medor* before his Royal perſonage, he after having imbathed his capacity in the *Acheron* of indignation, ſo checkt him up with thundring threats, and frowned at him with invective ſpeeches, that in fine, albeit Prince *Medor* began with a pithy Oration to plead for himſelf, and in his defence to deſcant upon his unmerited diſcourteſie; He not onely commanded him to ſilence, but alſo charged him to depart the Territories of his Kingdome. Ah infortunate ſentence for ſo ſweet a Prince! And therefore infortunate, becauſe being conſtrained to depart, he left me deſolate in the diſtaſtefull ſurges of perplexity! But again, after the King my father had bereaved me of this my Princely Paramour, (within the influence of whoſe perſonage I repoſed my delectable contentation) being not any thing appeaſed with this his inhumane accident, but ſtill ſeverely determining to inveſt me with the recogniſance of his wrath, He ſo cruelly intreated me, & ſo unnaturally reſtrained my liberty, that I could not one minute reap repoſe of my Imaginations, but

continually lived in moſt tormented calamity; In reſpect whereof ſacrificing my Oriſons upon the Altar of Prince *Medors* abſence, and devolving my contemplations to the beautifull *Idea* of his excellencies, accounting Courtly joyes vain glorious trifles, and a Princely life a ſplendent miſery; in a Cymmerian night, which ſeemed to allow of my reſolutions, departed the Court, and betook my ſelf to the eſtabliſhing of ſo ſorrowful life. So at laſt Fortune reſolving to aſſiſt me in my miſery, very happily made me retire hither; which ſolitary Caſtle doth ſo correſpond with my mournful conceits, that for the ardent love which I bear Prince *Medor*, I firmly reſolve either here to attend his (expected) arrival, or elſe to finiſh my dayes in manifeſtation of my Fidelity. Therefore (ſweet Princes) attribute my diſobedience to my Parents a favourable cenſure; and reſolve that what my Pen preſcribeth, my capacity ſhall perform; that is, immortally to remain faithful to *Medor*, or everlaſtingly unfriendly to my ſelf.

Which ſcroll they had no ſooner peruſed, but pitying the eſtate of the miſerable Damſel, they inſtantly vowed to range the confines of *Africa* in reſearching Prince *Medor*, that by their friendly diligence *Florina* might injoy her breaſts chiefeſt ſolace and her ſouls delectable contentation: By vertue of which infuſed reſolution elevating themſelves from the fragrant graſſe, they at laſt with delicious familiar Amity, and delectable friendly applauſe proſecuted their Journey, in ſuch pleaſant ſort, that *Phœbus* gracing the Cincture of the day

with

with his radiant complexion, they traverſing many lofty Mountains, and pleaſant *Penean* Vallies, at laſt towards the approach of drowſie *Veſper* arrived to a ſilver Fount ore-vail'd with the Canopie of a ſprowting *Cypres*, who frizling his curled locks, took this Chryſtal ſpring to be his reflective mirrour, whereon (with *Narciſſus*) delighting to gaze, he continually trimmed himſelf in his verdant jollity: many Angelical Nymphs they likewiſe ſaw circumferencing this fountain in a Dance, who (reſembling *Daphne*) had their ſplendent haire dallying with the Nectar-breath of amiable *Zephirus*, being all apparel'd in Crimſon Robes imbrodered with Lillies and Couſlips; who no ſooner ſaw our two Cavaliers approaching, but thinking that the Shepheards and Satyres had ſent them as ſpies, thereby to intrap them in ſome treacherous Ambuſcado, they forthwith (as having *Pegaſian* wings) flew through the Thickets, with far ſwifter pace than ever did *Atalanta* when ſhe ran with *Hippomanes*: Our Princes ſeeing this Amourous Troop fled, were exceeding ſorrowful that their arrival hindered their paſtimes; ſo that hailing them with a ſhrill Holaw, and perceiving none returned, they inſtantly ſate them down upon the Diapred brim of the fountain; where accumulating many Noſegayes of *Daffadilies* and prime flowers, they dipping them in the Orient water, therewith beſpinkled their faces to refreſh their ſpirits; ſo long till reflecting their light upon the excellency of the neighbouring Paſture, they at laſt eſpied a verdant Tent, on whoſe lofty Turret a

snow white Ensigne deliciously flourished in the Aire; whereat admiring, because they could not conjecture what this delightful object betokened, (as also to the end they might satisfie their ardent contemplations) they both very joyfully directed their course thither; which no sooner they approached, but they perceived it to be an *Eglantine* Bower: Bespread (here and there) with *Colombine* and *Damask-Roses*, so that burning with desire (from point to point to survey it) they at last audaciously entered; where a snow-white Beagle being (with Argus eyes) awake, saluted them with his shrill (discordant) barking, wherewith as a vigilant servant arowsing (a Nymph) his Mistresse from sleep, she altogether at this unexpected Alarm began to tear through the Bower.

But *Venus* and *Diana* having metamorphosed their (forepast) malice to a future Sympathy, so ordained, that her Amber locks should be intangled in the *Eglantine* Bryars; whereat our Princes setting hold of her loose Garments, did, despight her force, compell her to stay: but the Nymph thinking them to be *Apollo* and *Jove*, who had descended from Heaven to ravish her Maidenhood on earth, bitterly cryed out, and grievously tore the Tresses of her hair in a rage; the which our Princes perceiving, with fair exhortive speeches began to appease her aggravation, requesting her onely to conduct them to some adjoyning Cottage, where for that night they might assuredly rest in some peaceful tranquility: whereat this jolly Nymph elevating herself from the earth, and gratifying them with many

many millions of thanks, bedecking her Lily Countenance with a cherry complexion, (as a skillfull Pilot) very joyfully conducted them through the Woods and Forrests, where many Troopes of (Light-foot) Satyrs ran on before as triumphant Hesaulds to proclaime them passage, so long till radiant Tytan flying the Zenith of our Horizon to alight the obscure Antipodes, she at last brought us to a sumptuous Palace, whose Pyramids and Towers superbiously presumed to elevate their tops in the (sacred) skies; the glorious sight whereof (repleating their senses with astonishment) made them conjecture it to be that admired Palace of renowned *Felicia* (so much dignified by the Pens of civil and prophane Poets) for the Wals thereof were of cleer glistering Alabaster, the gates of pure Chrystal, the pavement of black Jet intermix'd with azured Marble, the Battlements of refined Gold, the Arches of stately Porphyre, the windowes of translucent Diamonds beset with Carbuncles and Saphires, and the roof of Vermilion Coral, wrought Checkerwise with orient gards of Silver: what shall I say? The interiour lineaments owed nothing in correspondence to the outward Edifice; for the Portals and Galleries were of snow-white Ivory, the Bedsteds of clarent Amber, the Coverlids and Curtains of green Damask imbossed with Emeralds and Chrysolites, and the Tapestry of Crimson-Velvet imbrodered with Amethysts and Pearle. In the spacious Courts and delicious Bowers (which *Flora* had adorned with the Treasure of her painted Drapery) were likewise many curious (conceited)

fountains, some thither conveyed by the Instinct of Nature, and others some they erected by the Ingeny of Art) There might you have seen *Diana* errant aloft upon a sumptuous Pillar, with a Bow in one hand, and a Banner (wherein was charactered *Chastity*) in the other, from whose Alabaster Paps the water sweetly distilling, was by her Nymphs in Chrystall Vases received, and so artificially conveyed to the Fountains centre; and also another, where *Pallas*, *Minerva* and *Juno*, do from their breasts rain Veines of water upon the beautiful faces of *Daphne* and *Philomela*; the which entring their coral lips, doth distill to the concavity of their Chrystaline Paps; from whence with a stern countenance, they furiously sprout it in the eys of Inhumane *Jupiter* and lustful *Tereus*; also upon the borders of these fountains are growing many fruitful Fig-tres, whereon artificially range divers harmonious Birds, whose heavenly musick according with the waters murmure, doth yield forth many ravishing Tunes of Angelical melody: so that there wanted no bravery to make this sumptuous Palace a terrestrial Paradice; It was impaled with lofty Woods, fenced Draw-bridges, and impregnable Bulwarks, as also circumferenced with a dainty River, within whose Tempee Gleam many Caistrine Swans most pleasantly imbathed themselves. So that our two Princes with their Nymph, being arrived to this dignified Palace, were forthwith met by an ancient Damsel, who seeming to be thereof Lady, very kindly bad them welcome: her habit was of a Sable hue, having her snowy haire dang-

dangling down her withered face; her beauty seem'd to be nipt by age; yet in the lineaments of her complexion lay furrowed the anatomy of an indifferent Countenance: the arches of her sorrowful eyes were overvailed with a crimson taint; from out whose conduits it appeared, many brinish tears had had their issue. Which desolate Lady, after having had some conference with these our unknown Princes, and perceiving how the zeal of their youthful resolutions were devoted to travel, she with a faint voice delivered them these speeches:

COurteous Friends, (for such I wish you to be) fear not to enter this Palace, but advance with applause! for your eyes shall be presented with such delectable objects, as shall both please your thoughts, and solace your contemplations.

Whereat she abruptly brake off, and so as fast as the Postilions of *Æolus*, fled to the Forrests. Our Princes seeing the sudden departure of this ancient Lady, exceedingly admired what this unlookt for novelty meant: But at last arming their resolutions with courage, as also seeing the sable night begin to oreval the Element with obscurity, taking leave of their Nymph, they boldly entred; where no sooner they had past the outer gate, but they were forthwith met by two glorious Virgins, who saluting them with a smiling countenance, arm in arm most lovingly conducted them to a superbious Theatre, from whence they might deliciously behold many amorous Ladies and gallant Cavaliers circumferencing themselves in a dance: from whence after having repleated their eyes with applause, they

by the Ladies were conducted to a sumptuous Bed-chamber, where divers flourishing Knights were unchastely Courting of their beauteous Paragons, yea and with such unseemly dallyance, that *Vesta* nay *Venus* her self could scarce refrain from blushing at their immoderate familiarity; in such sort, that being glutted with the variety of divers unchaste prospects, (which to repeat would but vainly replenish the Readers capacity with prejudicial contemplations) they were at last by many radiant Tapers alighted to their chambers; where to passe away the tediousnesse of the night, two lascivious Ladies were proffered to bear them company: But our young Princes (albeit ardently tempted with carnal inchantments) having their immoveable resolutions charactered upon the foundation of Honour (not accepting of this unexpected courtesie) very vertuously crav'd their absence; when thinking to repose themselves, lo they were instantly again sollicited by two tender Virgins, who bringing two Ivory Lutes in their hands, with their melodious (*Orphee*) Musick, thought to lull their premeditations asleep: Their breasts were nakedly unmask'd to the spectators ey-, where one might apparently behold their Alabaster Paps swell and sink at an instant, as being inspired with the Luxurious wind of unsatiable desire,. Immodest smiles they had at command; and with the *Hiena*, their eyes darted forth prejudicial Assummons: Their outward vestments were both gay and loose, in all things fitly corresponding with their inward qualities: and their glittering Hair being escaped

from

from the Trefles of Chastity, most viciously sported with their Chrystal complexions, as the amiable Fetters of Lust to inchant the Approachers. But neither their *Syrene* deceitful Melody, their sweet *Aconitum*-glances, nor their alluring lascivious gestures, could either (with *Circes*) charm the capacity of our Princes, or else with *Medea* inchant their conceits to range beyond the Lists of (dignified) Modesty: but like two religious Pilgrims they valorously fought against (vicious) Concupiscence, and ardently devoted their zeale to the shrine of Vertue: So that not passing for their smiles, nor esteeming of their temptations, they audaciously thrust them out their Chamber, and so securely bolting the door, betook themselves to sleep. But *Morpheus* had not long detained their spirits in delicious slumber, but having contracted his Influence with the instinct of Celestial deity, they were in the depth of *Nocturnus* arowsed by a grievous Clamour, which rated in the Palace with such a thundering noise, as if the battlements, nay foundation thereof were subject to a sudden revolution; Grievous groans were plenty, Cries were common, and all diverted to such a tempestuous confused *Chaos*, as if the *Atlas* of the world had in the vivacitie of his fury assummoned the Confines of Earth to the dreadful day of Judgment: whereat our two young Princes, as having their obtuse senses repleated with feare, and their heroical courage daunted with timerosity, instantly stumbled from their beds, as if they had been transcended to the infernal concavity of obscure *Acheron*; thinking

ing that their glasse of life was already run, and that inhumane *Thanatos* had now taken his dart of tyranny in hand, to finish the period of their terrestrial *Catastrophies*. But whiles being thus in the (supposed) path-way of destruction, lo there suddenly appeared unto them a delectable Dwarf, being apparelled in Crimson, which to evaporate their timerous despair, with an Angels voyce pronounced them these speeches:

Fly Vice, fly Sinne, fly Earthy vanity,
And with a martiall courage feare displace;
Detract no time but with celerity,
Come view the Beauty of Dame Vertues face.

Our Princes seeing this pretty pigmy, and with advised deliberation pondering upon the Etimologie of his speeches, could not at first refrain from infusing their contemplations within the Cabinet of astonishment; but at last more seriously ruminating which way to elect for their security, they both resolved to follow the tender guide; thereby to free themselves from the peril of this ensuing stratagem; upon which resolution, arming their courage with magnanimity, they as having *Pegasian* wings flew through the Courts, directing their pace to a lofty mountain, from whence they espied this glorious Palace, to be suddenly swoln up in the earths concavity, and in such admired sort, that no appearance of foundation remained, but was utterly raz'd out as if the essence thereof had never there erected his (once) substantial situation. Which tragical pro-

(prospective) accidents our Princes could not at first believe, but instantly thereupon surmised that their eyes and imaginations had been deluded with invasions: the Dwarf perceiving their doubtful perplexities, ran exactly from them; when to comfort their passions, the old forlorn Lady which they first met, again presented her self to their viewes, and so after having lowly saluted them, very mournfully uttered these speeches.

MY sonnes (quoth she) my name is *Vertue*, who of my own authority have invented this Tragedy for your advantage. The glorious Mansion which ye have seen destroyed, was the Palace of *Folly*, wherein only remained the Imps of luxurious Iniquity; who pampering up lustful *Cytherea*, were alwayes persecutors of chaste *Diana*: my society they ever disdained, and contumeliously smothered my Temple with the contagious Incense of Lubricity; amongst which cursed Diabolical Regiment *Perjury* was rife, *Swearing* no sin, *Pride* a Pearl, *Lust* a Lord, *Ambition* a Saint, and *Treachery* a Goddesse. But now (my sonnes) their immoderate Pride is past, their unchaste Desires extenuated, their devillish Oaths drowned, their aspiring ambition evaporated, their graceless Treachery abolished, nay and all their superbious actions, with themselves, utterly destroyed, and furiously sent to remain in the infernal dungeon of everlasting perdition: Therefore beware by their (unaccustomed) stratagems, and let the mirrour of their misfortunes serve as an Instance to impale you within the circumference

cumference of Piety. And to the end that, being absent, you may still ponder and premeditate upon my Exhortations, here take this Paper and observe such Divine counsel as I have therein prescribed for your salvations.

Which having said, she in the twinkling of an eye elevated her self in the air, and so a brumy cloud orevailing her in the cincture of his imbracements she immediately vanished.

Our Princes astonished hereat, took up the Paper, and opening it, found these Observations therein contained.

1. *Build the foundation of thy faith upon purity and piety, that thy zeal be not eclipsed with the contagion of idolatry, but rather perfumed with the sweet incense of sincerity.*

2. *Let devout Prayers be a Mediatrix between thy Saviour and thy self; for it is the most assured step to obtain felicity.*

3. *Conceal thy secrets in the closet of thy breast: lest rashly displaying them to others thou produce the prejudice of thine own tranquility.*

4. *Flie Ambition as the poyson of the sense, and detest Envy as the Canker of thy contemplations.*

5. *Gaze not on Beauty, lest it ingender repentance: but loath a lascivious Courtisan as the scourge of iniquity.*

6. *In thy Actions be faithful, lest being blemished with reproach thou impair thy reputation.*

7. *Honour thy Prince as the anointed of Christ; and if occasion present, live and dye for thy Countrey.*

8. *Detest vain glorious superbity, as the Aconitum of sinne, and abolish Superstition, as the cloak of ungodliness.*

Which

Which having read, and knowing the ſacred influence thereof tended to the eſtabliſhing of their celeſtial tranquility; they ſo imprinted it in the concavity of their contemplations, as it futurely ſhould ſerve for a fenced circumference to retain them within the confines of Piety; and likewiſe for an Impregnable Cittadel to defend them from the fury of ungodlineſſe: ſo as triumphing that fortune (in the mirrour of experience) had preſented them with ſo ſacred an Inſtance, they repleating their thoughts with applauſes, and their conceits with delectation, very joyfully departed. But wanne *Aurora* (being daughter of *Thetis*) had no ſooner skipt from the bowers of *Neptune*, and ſo ſaluted the excellency of tranſplendent *Phœbus*, but our Princes afreſh prepared themſelves to their journey: when timely in the purpled Morne, as radiant *Titan* began to give the *Bezo les manes* to the verdant Mountains; the Satyres, Fawns, and Nymphes skipt through the Forreſts; and doleful *Philomela* (baſinating her Breaſt in the aire on the ſuperbous People) warbled forth her Tragedy: they were by a ſoft bloamy wind, which cauſed the verdant Leaves to caper, made acquainted with the delectable ſound of a raviſhing Cornet; the delicious (tripled) eccho whereof, redoubling through the thickneſſe of a curled Grove there next adjoyning, gave ſuch a quavering grace to the aforeſaid Melody, that our Princes were perforce conſtrained to find out the ſaid (unknown) excelling *Orpheus*. To the end he might for a whiles recreate their diſtempered ſenſes, with the rare exquiſite-

quisitenesse of his praise-worthy Art. And so directing their courses by their attentive Ears (which they took to be their guide) they at last arrived to the beautiful prospect of a fair (*Peneau*) Valley; in midst whereof ran most leasurably a (*Tempe*) silver stream, whose banks in equal distance were beset with fruitful Lemmon trees; on the branches whereof, they might afarre off espy the yellow Citrons naturally growing: which delightful pleasant prospect so well contented their youthful imaginations, that immediately they bend their course directly to the aforesaid Arboury; where entring, they espied this famous Musitian, being a beautiful young boy, apparelled in white, who being crowned with the Lawrel garland set upon a *Flora*-Bank, close by the Rivers side, unto whose melody most attentively listening they at last in a fragrant Bower of delicious Eglantine espied an aged old Father, which as it seemed by the furrows of his complexion, had in his tender years past the indurance of many distasteful calamities; his habit was of a Sable Black, which coming scarcely to his knees, was about his weak waste begirt with a Willow stripple; his Visage was of a Wane taint; and his Snowy Beard, being milky-white, descended almost to his sorrowful middle; in his hand he held a Brazel staffe, which as it seemed manifested to be the feeble supporter of his withered age; And before him, on a Table of Swan-like Alabaster lay open a guilded Book of absolute beautifulnesse, whereon in Reading he solitarily busied the conceits of his tormented cerebrosity; which pro-

spect

ſpect as ſoon as our Prince eſpied, being inſtantly tranſported with deſire to know the cauſe of his diſconſolate retirement, they boldly entered, where inte rupting him from his earneſt ſtudy, Prince *Palma*, (to awake his diſtempered Muſes from the Chaos of his perplexity) boarded him as followeth:

RIght aged Father, (for ſo the Kalendar of your Complexion induceth me to term you,) If our audacious arrivals have diſturbed your ſtudy, or our preſence your patience; we beſeech you to pardon the firſt, though a raſh attempt; and to excuſe the ſecond, as being an unwilling enterpriſe. Travellers ears are (you know) amators of novelties, and their capacities as deſirous of news, as the Antipodes of the light of the Sun: Therefore, Reverend Father, we beſeech you to relate us the cauſe of this your diſconſolate retirement, and the Motive which induced you to imbrace this auſtere Life, as the Image whereunto your contemplations dedicate the generality of their terreſtrial devotions; as alſo to afford us ſo much favour, as (being forreigners, and unacquainted with the paſſages of this Countrey) we may under the ſupport of ſome *Debonaire Seignieur*, erect (for a while) our reſidence; and ſo avoiding the ſcandalous imputation of Vagabonds betake our reſolutions to the obtaining of (deſired) peacefull Tranquility.

The ancient Father perceiving by his ſpeeches, that he had been trained up in the School of vertue; as alſo conjecturing by the Phyſnomy of their counte-

countenances, that they were issued from some noble extraction; very kindly (with a gravity, which seemed to embellish his speeches) returned him this Friendly reply:

GEntlemen, (for such I esteem you to be) Your arrival hath neither disturbed my study, nor your presence prejudiced my patience: For as my nature is not attractive to severity on the one side, so on the contrary, I make use of the other at leisure. Therefore to my sorrowful Cel you are both exactly welcome: And in respect a friendly demand deserveth a familiar reply, Know (Gentlemen) that the Bower which I have here caused to be erected within the Incirculets of this fruitful grove, I make my retiring place, when passionate conceits begin to toxicate my distempered senses. This Boy being an Orphan, for charities sake I have caused to be instructed in the art of shril musique, to the end that when my eyes begin to dazle with overmuch reading, he may with his loud melody arouse my spirits from the thought of slumber, & so put me in mind of my accustomed duty, which in heart I immortally owe to the (sorrowful) shrine of my dead Saint, which whilst she lived I affected more dearly then my self; and being (now) dead, will honour with such ardent fidelity, that future ages shall have a meritorious instance to acknowledge, That till death, & after, to my fair *Excellina* I remained compleatly constant: Ah sweet *Excellina*! which sacred Name when I repeat, enforceth my cordial blood to distill my sorrowful heart, and also

alſo my briniſh teares to deſcend the ſoile of my penitent cheeks; ſhe (oh ſhe!) was the unique daughter of a valorous Knight, whom I long courted with unfeigned love, and at laſt (after having received many bitter repulſes) obtained the enjoyance of her gracious affection; whereof her ſhrewiſh ſtep-mother being (by misfortune) throughly advertiſed, (as one that rather ſought her ruine then advancement) ſhe ſo ſeverely lookt to her, & ſo inhumanely intreated her, that her Father being abſent in a farre journey, ſhe moſt tyrannouſly bolted her up in a Veſtal dungeon; where ſeeing ſhe could by no means obtaine the object of my perſonage, ſhe in the bitter anguiſh of (*Phlegiton*) dolor, (bidding the World, but chiefly Me, farewel) moſt dolefully yeelded nature her due; In remembrance of whom, to the other end of this Grove, in a Fragrant Valley, I have (as Duty and Love enforced me) erected a Tombe, whereunto till the period of my ending dayes, I have in heart daily vowed to offer her, not onely my devout Prayers, that I may ſoon follow her, but alſo my throbbing ſighes, as repentant witneſſes of my tormented calamity: Therefore Gentlemen, if you pleaſe to afford the time to walk thither, I will make your eyes ſpectators of that, which with great grief & aggravation I have diſcovered to you; And after give you ſuch Obſervations in your travels, that doubtleſſe, if the celeſtial influence croſſe not your Fortunes, you ſhall finde them very profitable for your advantage, and no way prejudicial to your adventures.

The two Princes returning him thanks for his profered Courtesies, very willingly to his demand, soon condiscended; and so walking through ranks of lofty Cedars, which with their verdant branches beautified the adjoyning (silver) stream, They in fine arrived to a sacred Chappel, which with Alabaster Wals circumferenced that glorious Tomb; where entering, they espied it so repleeted with munificent curious workmanship, that the view thereof drave them speedily more neer to approch, and so beheld the body thereof to be of Dove-white Ivorie, whose cover being of radiant Jeat, there was thereon the Picture of the aforesaid faire *Excellina* in Crymson fresh colours, most ingenuously pourtraicted, and under her feet, in characters of rich Gold (Inammeled with *Azur*) this Epitaph most sumptuously engraven.

EXCELLINA's Epitaph.

Within this Ivorie Tombe doth lie
The Phœnix of pure modestie,
Sweet Excelline, whose Beautie rare
With Hellens taint surpassing sure,
Nay, Hellens taint surpassing sure,
Which did the Grecians Love procure;
Being in Jove's Imperioll sight,
A Nymph excelling Juno bright.
Cut off by fatall Sisters three;
In confluence of Loves Plauditee.
Therefore if any passe this way,
With penitentiall tears doe pray,

That

That she may in th' Elizian Plain
Untill Eternity remain;
Still crown'd with hearts delicious joy,
And freed from rage of dire annoy.

Which Epitaph, when they had again and again over-read; as also reveiwing the Tombe, and regarding her Picture, they very sorrowfully departed to find out the ancient *Delmon* (for so they knew him now to be named) who purposely attending their coming, took them by the Hand, and the tears standing in his Eyes, he (albeit his Tongue did falter) at last breathed out these speeches.

AH Gentlemen! my grief is such, that I loath my life; and were it not for too much offending my Soul, I could willingly be the administerer of mine own (untimely) martyrdome; But alas, I know (I too truly know) that that would be a sacrifice too abominable before the sight of my maker; which I protest is onely the Rein that withdraweth me from executing of my Resolutions: For why, though I live, I live discontented; & by my death, my dolorous calamity would enjoy a period, Should I (most miserable I) be the cause of so sweet a Ladies destruction? Or by my means should so gallant a Virgin be deprived of her future (delectable) pleasures? No, no, *Delmon*; Live not but dye in memory of her Martyrdome; for so shall thy aggravations end, and thy everlasting joyes commence.

Our two young Princes, seeing him run so farre in the diversity of (amorous) sorrow thought best to recall him from his passionate dumps; and interrupting him, *Thalmen* being as followeth.

WHy *Delmon* we think the effects of amorous contemplation should be now (through Age) evacuated from your memory, and the remembrance thereof dryed up in the Cinders of Oblivion: for it is not for you, which are ready to salute the Grave, to sacrifice sighes to *Cupid*; but rather for Youth, such as we are, to fight under the Banner of Beauty. Remember therefore with your self, that *Venus* was by *Appelles* Boy pourtraited with fresh colours, and not set forth with a withered Village: and though *Vulcan* offered to the shrine of *Juno*, yet he at last cryed *peccavi*, and was for his simplicity laught at by *Jupiter*. Therefore *Delmon*, consider how with thy self, that *Excellina* is dead, and may not by any (mortal) possibility again be revived: In respect wherof, dry up your tears, and forget any more to devote your Oraisons to the image of *Cytherea*: that fighting 'gainst concupiscence, your actions may approve you to be an unspotted Personage for the celestial Monarchy; and while tracing on this earthly vale of misery to observe a blissefull *decorum* of aged stayednesse.

Delmon perceiving he was answered somewhat roundly; instantly afresh wept, because their exhortive speeches touches him to the quick: but at last comforting his sorrowful Muse with patience,

he

he evapouring his tears requested them to enter his Cel,& to accept of such homely Cates as his poverty could afford: whereunto they willingly agreed; and so deluding the time with familiar conference, they a long time solaced their capacities in amourous prattle; till at last repast being ended, and the Princes ready to depart; *Delmon* with as much audacity as his tormented passions could permit, at their *Dernier adieu*, pronounced them these speeches.

SEeing, heroical Gentlemen, that your resolutions are devoted to Travell; Know that some leagues hence, in the Kingdome of *Zanfara*, there reigneth a magnificent Prince, sirnamed *Brilion*, whose Vertue doth no lesse applause his Subjects, than his valour doth dant his Enemies; rewarding each with the guerdon of his merits, and retaining no honour from those which demonstrate their actions to be absolute magnanimous: So that, for discretion, he may well be esteemed a *Solomon*; for Majesty, a *Cæsar*; for Prowesse, a *Scipio*; and for benignity, an *Alexander*. His Court likewise may be tearmed the Rendevous of the flower of Chivalry, for there are alwayes resident innumerable of Cavaliers; which as they account Discretion a chief point of valour, so they stick not (though desperately) to adventure their lives for the establishing of their fame. Their Senators likewise are both grave, politique, and provident; which from the sincerity of their contemplations, accompt Ambition a heinous crime, and Treachery a deadly sinne. Also their Pastors of the

people are both zealous and vertuous, admonishing their Flocks, not with the servants of *Baal*, to place their Religion upon diabolical Idolatry, but to ground their zeal upon that Celestial Temple, whose Foundation is Faith, whose pavement Purity, whose doores, Devotion; whose Arches, Amity; whose pillars, Piety; whose Windows, Sincerity; whose galleries, Glorification; and whose towers Humility. Their Ladies and Damsels are likewise both gratious and fair, and generally so chaste, as if *Diana* and Nature had adorned them with the pride of their excellency; being of gesture, modest; of capacite, quick; of quality, kind; and of behaviour courteous. Therefore, Gentlemen, if you direct your course thither, you shall generally see each live by the fertilenes, of his own Land, each reap the fruit of his own Vine, and (delectable) content sit smiling in every corner: there likewise shall you see the fragrant Fields adorned with their verdant Vestures, the lofty Trees with their gay garments, and the delicious Arbours with their diaper'd treasure of *Flora*; as also the mountains oreveiled with snow-white Flocks, their Meadows with the riches of *Ceres*, and their Vallies with Daffadils, and prime flowers: In their Parks may you likewise see regiments of Fallow-Deer running untaken; in their Forrests may you likewise behold, troups of Nymphs trace unravished; and to be brief, on every bush, harmonious Birds warbling forth their melody.

Thalmene and *Parma*, perceiving that *Delmon* had finished

finiſhed his ſpeech, being partly in conceit raviſhed with the report of ſo flouriſhing a Kingdom, giving him thanks for their benign entertainment, as alſo for his debonair vertuous exhortations, very joyfully departed: where travelling a long time theſe unknown Countries, they at laſt very fortunately arrived to the chiefeſt City of *Zanfara*, where the Court then was; And taking up the Lodge in the beſt Inne which the City did afford, they there ſome three dayes reſted, to refreſh themſelves of their forepaſt (troubleſome) travels: And after having (as was requiſite) given almighty *Jove* moſt humble thanks for their ſafe arrival, they betook themſelves to this private parley, where *Thalmeno* began as followeth.

MOſt dear Couſin! We are now in a Kingdom far from our Native country; and therefore with celerity it behoveth us to ſettle our proceedings upon the main of ſome reſolution, to the end we may futurely avoid the receipt of enſuing miſfortunes. Therefore, underſtanding that the King exceedingly delighteth in heroical Vertues, it were not in my opinion unfit to betake our ſelves under the umbrage of his ſervice, where cheriſhing our valorous magnanimity, we may produce the demonſtrations of dignified Princely atchievements, whoſe effectual apparitions in the eyes of all ſpectators may condignly purchaſe us the title of gallant (admired) admiration.

Prince *Palma* hearing *Thalmeno* utter this haughty reſolution, very inſtantly returned him this reply:

MOst affectionate Cousin, I allow right well of your conclusitive determination: therefore, delayes set apart, let us proffer our selves to the Kings service. This day, I understand, he resolveth to hunt in a Forrest neer-adjoyning the Court; where, if you please, we may present him with a submissive supplication, thereby to intrude our selves within his Princely service; but let our names be obscured under the cloud of secrecy; So that *Thalmeno* may be termed *Thalmo*, and I *Palma* named *Plivio*, justifying our selves to be both Knights of *Arabia*.

This pleasant invention was well liked of *Thalmeno*; And so solacing their cerebrosity, they forthwith indited this supplication, which by a young Knight (a friend of theirs) they instantly sent to the Kings Majesty, the tenor whereof followeth.

To the most puissant, famous and flourishing Prince, *Brylion* King of *Zanfara*

RIght renowned King! whose magnanimous fame (by the Herald of report, hath been transported to the bar of many Cavaliers understanding) in such sort, that they not only admire at your Princely valour, but also wonder at your (vertuous) animosity; so as their thoughts burning with desire to be made possessors of your (gracious) presence, and their resolutions flaming with applause to be spectators of your heroical audacity, they have upon the Altar of fame, long since devoted their resolutions to direct their course

course to your Country; amongst whom, we Thalmo *and* Plivio, *two Knights of* Arabia, *having our capacities penetrated with the report of your affability, have undertaken this journey, to be made spectators of your renowned personage; So that being arrived to your flourishing Palace, we most humbly beseech you to accept us into your dignified service, assuring you, that our valour and fidelity shall be such, as shall well testifie our resolutions to take their offspring from audacious magnanimity. So imploring your Majesty to admit us into your service, and to grace us with that stellified Title to be invested your Servants, We in all humilitie prostrating our lives to your (gracious) command, Rest,*

Your Soveraign's devoted Vassals,

Thalmo & Plivio.

This supplication was no sooner presented to King *Brylion*, but forthwith he commanded the two forraign Knights to be admitted to his presence, where saluting them in such sort as befitted his Royalty, He very benignly accepted of their voluntary service: Which famous acceptance adding applausible hope to our Princes expectations, made them in conceit conjecture that they were now at the foot to mount the steps of honour. And, therein to conclude, because peradventure the discreet Reader may think the time too tedious in describing their proceedings, let this as a brief annotation suffice: That their valorous actions, vertuous demeanor, gallant comportment, heroical courtesie, and Princely

Princely grace, did ſo conquer the capacity not only of the King, but the Commons; that in a manner all the Iſland of *Cicilia* eſteemed them worthy the prize of Olympian victory, I mean the Trophees of Laurel dignified honour: Which by often demonſtrations of their interior audacity did ſo inſtigate the King with the meritorious humour of preferring them, that not long after their arrivals, he appointed *Thalmeno* to be Attendant on the Princeſſe *Athelia* his daughter; and eſtabliſh'd *Plivio* to be Lieutenant of *Ithica*-caſtle, wherein the fair Princeſſe *Merſilva* daughter unto *Samor* King of *Bohemia* was retained priſoner.

But leaving them, I mean the aforenominated *Plivio* and *Merſilva*, to the protection of fortune, we will for a whiles entreat of *Thalmo* and the Princeſſe *Athelia*.

IN a pleaſant morn (before the pearled Dew was exhal'd by the golden rays of tranſlucent *Phœbus*, when the *Flora*-flow'rs were diſplaying the Pride of their beauty, & the melodious Birds on the verdant buſhes ſtraining forth their melody) it chanced that *Thalmo* being toſticated with the beauty of *Athelia* his Miſtris, betook himſelf to the fields, as well to refreſh his tormented contemplations, as to make the flowry Meadowes acquainted with his amorous fancies; when directing his penſive courſe to the verdant Forreſts, he at laſt arrived to a ſpacious Beech-tree, whoſe Branches expelling the dart-

darts of *Tytan*, made a compleat ſhadow for all tired paſſengers to repoſe themſelves. Which pleaſant umbrage correſponding with *Thalmo's* paſſions, (and ſo much the rather, becauſe amiable *Zephirus*, embelliſhed it with his *Nectar*-Blooms) being over-peſtered with ardent affection, he there caſt himſelf down on a Bank of Prime flowers, and taking out his pen and paper, endited this enſuing Sonnet.

So ſit thee down accloy'd with lovely care,
Begirt with flames of Cytherea's *fire;*
And to the Woods relate the taint moſt fair
Of her which did thy youthful breaſt inſpire.
And ſigh and ſay,
Oh Beauty gay,
The cauſer of thy mournfull Lay!

Firſt ſhew the Trees and fragant verdant Bowers
The piercing looks of thy Athelſah's *eye;*
Next tell the ſtreams, and dainty Florah's *flowers,*
The ſweet Idea of her jollity:
And ſigh and ſay,
Oh Beauty gay,
The cauſer of thy mournfull Lay!

Then to the Sylvanes, Satyres, Nimphs divine,
Depaint the gliſtering hair, white front moſt pure,
Together with her beauty Chryſtaline,
Which did thy Paphian torments firſt procure:
And ſigh and ſay,
Oh Beauty gay,
The Cauſer of thy mourtful Lay!

Nay

Nayre the ſhrine of Venus *ſtately Throne*
Strain forth the praiſe and gracious rarity
Of her whoſe beauty made thy breaſt to moan
With plains and tears of Love's perplexity:
And ſigh and ſay,
Oh beauty gay,
The cauſer of thy mournfull Lay!

Having thus pourtraicted out his paſſions, and made the Forreſts acquainted with the *Præludium* of his malady; He forthwith as being ſubmerged with the variety of amorous contemplation, reſolved to return, but fortune willing to ſmooth up his Conceits in an extaſie of Contentation, ſo ordain'd that his Miſtreſſe the Princeſſe *Athelia*, with her Troop of Ladies ſhould trace that way. Glad of this heavenly newes, he immediately bluſhed, becauſe the Celeſtial Object thereof raviſhed his capacity with many millions of delicious applauds: So as elevating his reſolutions upon the wing of Honour, and inveſting his courage with the conſideration of magnamity, he audaciouſly determined to preſent her with the Phyſnomie of his affection; By vertue whereof, at laſt finding her ſequeſtred from her attendant Damſels, and reſident within a myrtle-bower, in midſt whereof ſhe gaz'd on a ſilver-Fount there conveyed by Miſtreſſe Nature; he ſteeling his tongue with boldneſſe, and taking a manly courage in the front of his faltring Oration, (with a grace, which though gallant took his off-ſpring from fear) boorded her in this ſort.

Righe

Right excelling Princesse! When by the aide of fortune I first espied the singular sight of your delectable self, I immediately felt my tender breast to be inspired with the endurance of a Lovers passion, in such accidental amorous sort that mine eys ever since conceiving their chiefest contentation from the vermilion-hue of your Alabaster-beauty, (at so divine an object) hath so firmly sworn my flourishing fidelity to the celestial service of your superexcellent Deity, that I utterly abandon the contemplation of other Beauty, and sincerely betake my inward devotions to the glistering shrine of your dignified perfection. The grace which I saw did adorn your comely personage, the beauty which I espied did (sweetly) bedeck your lovely cheeks, and the vertue which I beheld did garnish your Soveraign self, hath so inflamed my sensea with the coals of affection, that in the prime of my constancy I am like to be rak'd up in the embers of despair, unlesse revived by the joyful news of your Princely favour. My birth is such, as if you throughly knew, peradventure might occasionate you to render the accomplishment of my Breasts expectation; whereon I will not now descant, because the motive thereof shall not move you to term me by the phrase of a peevish Insinator. But (sweet *Athelia*!) if my sighs might disclose, my tears explain, my rage manifest, or my passions discover with what zealous purity or affectionate love, I in heart cherish the dainty resemblance of your sacred Idæa, I not onely think, but resolve, that your gracious self would at the first

first report, not onely recompence my deſert with the reward of my merits, but alſo repay my fidelity with the guerdon of your affection; whereof till the celeſtial Deity ſhall by inſpiration partly advertiſe you, I will til the period of my (definitive) humane pilgrimage, remain as conſtant to beautiful *Athelia*, as I wiſh *Athelia* ſhould be courteous to perplexed *Thalmo*.

Athelia hereat overveiling her Lily-cheeks with a crimſon taint, on a ſudden, as much bluſh'd as *Diana*, when ſhe eſpied unlookt for *Acteon*: and ſo metamorphoſing her pleaſant phyſnomy to a melancholy complexion, (being altogether unacquainted with ſuch amourous encounters) bending her brows, within the furrows of whoſe lineaments it ſeemed anger ſate triumphant, She very ſharply returned him this quick reply.

WHy *Thalmo* (quoth ſhe) hath my too much kindneſſe made thee ſo proud, or my undeſerved favour ſo preſumptuous, that thou now giveſt wings to thy tongue to run a courſe abſolutely ſo laviſh? hath my courteſie emboldned thee to aſpire ſo high, as now out of ſenſe to ſue for thy Miſtreſſe? Hath thy idle leiſure, being in my ſervice, taught thee to deck thy tongue with the phraſe of flattery? and is there no other for thee to aim at but my ſelf? Ah fond *Thalmo*! and therefore fond, becauſe poſſeſſed with a peeviſh fancy. As thou derideſt my beauty, I will laugh at thy folly; and in accounting me fair, I will eſteem thee frivo-

lous.

lous. For thy Birth, know, that I disdain it as nothing, and thy self as lesse: If heretofore, thou hast sacrificed sighs, or shed tears for my sake, Why, expect a recompence where there is no satisfaction to be made; and hereafter be, more wiser, to ingender the conception of the like simplicity. To be brief, refrain from prosecuting thy audacious folly; or else I will use such means that my Father shall qualifie your courage, by nipping the blossomes of your flourishing estate.

This thundering answer proceeding from a Princesses mouth, might doubtlesse have made many fresh-water souldiers retire for fear; but our valorous *Thalmo*, disdaining to quit the siege for the first repulse, repairing his sense, and furnishing his Muse with a fresh supply, very boldly (as being nothing danted) continued his combate in this sort following.

MOst benigne and beautiful Princesse! If you conjecture, that in discovering my affections, I flatter your merits with a shew of derision, you greatly wrong mine honour, in respect my nature was never attractive to so base an enormity; for what I protest in words, my effects shall manifest to be of truth, against the proudest Champion which durst undertake to maintain the contrary: Therefore sweet *Athelia*, let not an unconstant thought so obscure your Maiden-breast with obscurity, that for my faithful affection, you term me an ingrateful servant: for if the flower of my love

was predestinated for your alone self, why, partly seek the means to affect him, which in heart hath long since vowed to adore you, as the image to whom he dedicates the generalities of his terrestial devotions: And therefore reward me not with checks for my affection, nor with frowns for my love; but kindely repay me with a sweet consent, which at the Bar of your courtesie I daily attend.

Athelis perceiving that he still directed his course to one harbour, being in a manner over-pestered with listening to his old Love, instantly framed him this bitter Answer:

Thalmo, if thy affection were equal to the tenour of thy speeches, me thinks thou shouldest at my sincere request bury the reiteration thereof in the shrine of silence, and not so audaciously presume to advance the pretence of so unreasonable demand: If thy phrase of glozing were so unfeigned as thou makest a shew of, or thy lovely passions perfect messengers of a sacred constancy, yet my determinate desires can never be diverted from reaping the enjoyance of a single life, which I have already upon the Altar of *Vesta* imposed: my desires rather adore the image of chaste *Diana*, then adore the shrine of lascivious *Venus*; rather allowing of the ones principles, then esteeming of the others precepts. Therefore, *Thalmo*, since my minde may not be subject to the serviles of Love, let my commands in the closet of thy capacity be a mediatrix to make thee give a solemn conge to thy peevish (commenced) enterprise.

Thalmo

Thalmo perceiving the Princesse *Athelia* now pretended to shroud her self under the Cloud of a solitary Climate; by informing him, she meant to imbrace the austere deity of a She-Saints devotion: Very hastily returned her this sudden Reply.

FAir *Athelia*! If my speech could decipher my love, or my tongue my affection; I should then account my self most happy, whereas now I esteem my fortunes most unfortunate. Unfortunate, I may well say, in that the *Idea* of my fidelity is (without desert) obscured in the vaporous mist of incredulity; which if (without partiality) you would sincerely poise in scales of reason, I assure my self, the zeal of my vertuous constancy would evacuate the residence of your mistrust, and as absolutely advertise you that my love is graciously sprung from the exact soile of fruitful fidelity. Whereas you demonstrate, that your pretence is to live solitarily, without accepting the society of any; Why, know (fair Nymph, and Goddesse of my imaginations!) that the possessing of your presence, and the obtaining of your commands, would yeeld me partly the satisfaction of my trembling desire: So that, (fair *Athelia*) if you please to grace me with the dignity of your Servant, it shall suffice; and upon that pleasant foundation will I futurely erect further delectable Trophies of delightfull hope; And till my merits shall deserve more favour at your Princely benignity, I am resolved immortally to live and die in your service, and to attend on your sacred personage with such firm fidelity, vertuous

affection, and submissive loyalty, that (*Athelia*) your sweet self and King *Brylion* your father, shall one day blesse the hour of my arrival, and have just cause to acknowledge that the sympathy of our affections was predestinated to be united by the condescent of Celestial deity.

Athelia well noting with what fervency he uttered his passions, began immediately to produce some motion of debonair pity: yet in respect he should not conceive any spark of hope, where there was no performance meant to be effected, bitterly returned him this sharp Reply:

Thalmo! If thou leavest not thy prattle, I will leave thy presence; For thy obstinate opinion will constrain me to flye thy sight, and hereafter meritoriously) to loath thy company. It is now (more then) time to give a conclusion to thy conference, because the tediousnesse thereof doth overpeiser my senses in understanding it. What I have said, I mean to perform, that is, *Athelia* will live solitarily, and leave *Thalmo* to his passionate folly: and where thou desirest to remain my servant, I thereunto condescend, so far forth as thy desires aspire not to thy Mistresse prejudice. Let thy future attempts be seasoned with discretion, (for fear) lest folly overtopping thy capacity, thy downfall prove the more dangerous, Consider with thy self I beseech thee, what my Father will say, being acquainted with thy presumption; And resolve not that he will blesse thee, but rather curse the instant of thy arrival,

arrival, and (for recompence) reward thee with the recognisance of his indignation. Therefore, *Thalmo*, ask counsell of thy wits; Repent thee of thy forwardnesse, recall thy follies and be penitent for thy offences: in effecting whereof I will assay with my self, not onely that I may pardon thy presumption, but also that I may exempt my memory of thy crime out of the Maiden garden of my youthful remembrance.

Thalmo no sooner perceived that *Athelia* had finished her cruel Oration, but he instantly framed her this Answer:

AH *Athelia*! is it possible that Beauty and Cruelty (albeit two Rivals) can at sometimes demure within the incirculets of one personage? And is it possible, that each being others enemy, they should both seek my ruine, and so in a seditious sympathie, triumph o're my martyrdome? Ah, sweet *Athelia*! make not my fall your felicity, nor my ruine your rejoycing! But present before your sight the complexion of my Constancy, the fervency of my Fidelity, and the regard of my affection! Consider (I beseech you) the purity of my Pretence, the pretence of my Desire, and the desire of my Expectation! and think that if *Thalmo* live, he must love his dear *Athelia*; and though *Athelia* hate, yet *Thalmo* must needs love. What was predestinated for my fortune, perforce I must needs endure: yet in suffering her repulse, I in humility die, to see my fortunes checkt with *Athelia*'s frown

Sweet *Athelia!* Distill into your heart the motion of pitty; and amidst the showers of your anger, let the splendant Sun of Favour evaporate your wrath! Let the dew of patience so mollifie the conceits of your cruelty, that I may (though long, yet) at last, amongst the briars of your displeasure, gather the delectable fruit of my Acceptance!

Athelia perceiving that *Thalmo* still rejoyced in repeating his passions, very boldly interrupted him in this sort.

Thalmo! I now see thou art bound apprentice to folly, & therefore mayest not be exempted untill thy time of innocencie be expired. I perceive 'tis in vain to dissuade, where senslesse absurdity doth command; And it will little availe, where I see Exhortations are held as Toyes, and Requests obeyed as Trifles. I am sorry that I have remained with thee so long, in respect thou art blinded with a frivolous humour; which, I see, rather springeth from a fond capacity, then any way from a tormented spirit. But howsoever, it nothing availeth the advancement of thy demand, because unlawfull, and therefore to be rejected.

Thalmo seeing she first interrupted him, thought now to render her *le pareil*, and so continued in this sort.

Sweet *Athelia!* If ever the sighs, teares, love, fidelity, or affection of a tormented Lover, may

gain

gain acceptance in the contemplation of his Saint; I beseech you to grant me the accomplishment of my vertuous desire, that I may once in all chastity of marriage enjoy your sacred personage, which above the world I chiefly affect!

But *Athelia* (as the custom of women is) resolving to have the last word, answered him, That his talk disturbed her thoughts, and his speeches her senses. And so in a disdainful humour (without bidding farewell) she immediately flew from him: when directing her pace to the Court, we will for a while there leave her, and a little intreat of *Thalmo* his passions: Who seeing his *Athelia* so sudainly departed, thereat (as being impatient with love) immediatly stormed, changing his pleasant countenance to a pale complexion; and repenting the time that ever his mother *Gratiana* produced him into this miserable world, continually crying out on crooked Destiny, and very often sighing, as though his breast were overpestered with insupportable calamities, somtimes falling from sighs to teares, and then from tears to sighs again; sometimes repeating the name of *Athelia*, and then (sweetly) closing up his eyes as though the Oracle of that celestial word had ravished his conceits with too many divine cogitations; At last desperately tracing these forenamed meadows, as though the Barque of his hope had already suffered the shipwrack of misfortune, He very pensively withdrew himself to his Closet, where to ease his tormented stomack, he resolved to write, and send *Athelia* a Sonnet, the Contents whereof followeth.

Athelia fair, the Image of my mind,
The mistresse of my thoughts, my heart and breast;
Exile th' appearance of all frowns unkind,
And all disdainful looks do now devest;
Behold the torments of thy beauties power,
Which pierc'd mine heart in an untimely hour.

Your lofty front, the Throne of Graces fair,
Amidst whose milk-white joyls doth alwayes fleet
Celestial Veins of purpled blood most rare,
Which sometimes stray, and then again do meet;
Hath so inflam'd my heart with lovely fire,
That of all Saints your self I do desire.

Your splendant hair, fine threeds of natures skill;
Which doth obscure the brightnesse of thy Sunne;
Hath so combin'd my Heart with Fancies fill,
That their Idea *in my thoughts do run:*
In such strange sort that when I think to slumber,
A thousand lovely toyes my brains do cumber.

Your eyes like glistering Starres divinely bright,
Do shine most fair, as having sacred power
To draw all those that do approach their sight,
Captives unto their beauteous prisons Tower;
Amongst the rest my self at first espie,
Was forc'd to love, wherein I mean to die.

Your lovely cheeks within whose center spring
Two dainty flowers, the Rose and Lily fair,
At first espy did to my senses bring
The thought (O thought!) of future pleasure rare;

Which

Which glads my ſoul, and makes my heart revive,
When as my hope unto deſpair doth dive.

Within my tortured breaſt your ſanguine ſigh
Hath pitch'd his Tent, and ſweareth there to remain,
And ſtill as Gardien *both by day and night,*
The keyes thereof doth vow for to retain;
The fair reſemblance of whoſe dainty view,
Doth force my breaſt his love for to renew.

All ſweet perfections, Beauty, Vertue, Grace,
Which do adorn the April *of your age;*
Do force me ſecretly for to imbrace,
Your dainty ſelf, to whom I do engage
My love, my life, my ſervice, conſtancy,
My ſettled faith, and firm fidelity.

Which Sonnet being ended, made up, ſealed, and directed; he forthwith poſted to a Gentlewoman of *Athelia's*, named *Levina*, whoſe perfect viſage promiſed him the accompliſhment of a faithful performance; and imboldening himſelf to requeſt her ſecretly to deliver it to her Miſtreſſe, ſhe thereunto voluntarily condiſcended; and ſo finding her very ſolitary in her Chamber, advancing her pace, ſhe with an humble reverence effected her promiſe; albeit the Princeſſe at firſt made great difficulty to receive it, in reſpect ſhe knew not from whence it came; but at laſt unripping the Seals it came from *Thalmo*: ſhe dying her Chryſtal viſage with a crimſon bluſh, bade *Levina* depart; when bolting her doore and caſting her ſelf on her dainty bed; ſhe

unripping the Seals, read the contents afore repeated, very often ſhe peruſed thoſe ſillables and lines which beſt delighted her cerebroſity; and ſo kiſſing the Sonnet (contrary to expectation) ſhe laid him in her naked neck, directly in that Chryſtal valley which her Alabaſter paps do inviron; when finding her ſelf overpeſtered with many lovely contemplations, which ranged on the abſent Idea of Heroical *Thalmo*, ſhe at laſt to her ſelf uttered theſe ſpeeches;

MOſt unfortunate *Athelia*! If thy tears might aſſwage thy pains, or thy ſighes thy miſeries; thou mighteſt then envy (the better) the reſidence of thy tortures, and with preſervative patience, the ſweeter bear the inſupportable burthen of thy tormented calamities: but alas, as the firſt cannot perform the one, nor the ſecond effect the other; by ſo much the more mayeſt thou eſteem thy eſtate more than unfortunate; and curſe the houre wherein thou didſt firſt eſpy the (charmed) face of vertuous *Thalmo*; *Thalmo* I ſay, whoſe valorous actions, heroical diſpoſition, comely grace, and gallant demeanour hath ſo conquered the thoughts of thy maiden-capacity, that thou with the paleface'd Moon, midſt clouds of obſcurity, doſt take thy pleaſant light of conceived hope from the moſt reſplendant Sunne; which in effect is onely *Thalmo*. Remember with thy ſelf (nay perforce thou muſt remember) with what fervency of affectionate fidelity he pleaded to thy ſelf for a kind acceptance; and call to mind the pearled tears, doleful ſighes, & paſſionate agonies, which as meſſengers (of faithful

ful constancy) he sent to depaint before thine eyes the miseries of his malady; and blot not up in oblivion his wan complexion, hollow aspects, and repining despair; which as (Authentical) solicitors, might have caused the most obdurate heart to relent, and have produced a motion of pity. But wretched *Athelia*, (and therefore wretched because *Athelia*) forget not the proud repulses, sharp answers, bitter threatnings, nor obstinate denyals which thou gavest his enterprise, which when I consider, I burst into the very humour of Anger; condemning my self of (impudent) ingratefulnesse, in that *I* repayed the prime of his pretence with unkindnesse, and crost the proceedings of his hope with unmerited discourtesie: And being now alone, I must (nay will) confesse, that obstinate coynesse set apart, I in heart then honoured *Thalmo*, although Maiden-bashfulnesse would not permit me to discover it; and in such sort do still adore him as the (sacred) Image to whom I bind all my devotions; Ah sweet *Thalmo* none but onely *Thalmo* liveth within the common-wealth of my memory, nor none but he (alone) may boast, hath conquered me with the prospect of his perfections: though at first I was proud in refusing his precepts. I will now be as courteous in accepting his proffers; though then obstinate in denying his requests, yet now as willing to agree to his conditions; and though then stubborn in not listening to his desires, yet now as tractable to hearken to his demands But soft, *Athelia*! what Lunatick humor of folly doth possesse thy senses, or whether run thy wits a wandering

dering without their guide, discretion? Hath amourous passion so soon transported thy Conceits with fancies, or lovely toyes so instantly obscured thy Reason with absurdity, that without regarding modesty, or respecting bashfulnesse, thou shewest thy simplicity such, as the world hearing it, may condemn thee of peevish Levity? Is she which was so long courted, now become an Oratory suitor? and must she plead to him for love, whereas heretofore he prayed her for affection? Ah *Athelia*! but such is thy fortune; And therefore contradict not that which the gods have already set down for a period; content thy self with that which is befallen thee, and hereafter seek by some favourable means to parley with thy desired *Thalmo*, to the end that his presence may evacuate the mist of sorrow which doth so tosticate thy senses, and extinguish the birth of ardent flames, which doth begin to scorch the substance of thy fore-contented estate.

The which she had no sooner uttered, but *Lewina* her waiting Gentlewoman suddenly rushed in, as being from the Queen her mother to seek her (much marvelling where she should be so long absent) *Athelia* perceiving that the time had deceived her, instantly rose up, and masking her fancies (the best she could) under the shadow of (partly) a merry countenance, failed not according to her duty with all celerity to find out the Queen her mother, where being arrived, contrary to her expectation, she received this check.

Why

WHy *Athelia*, hath your too much liberty made you forget your self? or is it some extraordinary affairs, which hath detained you so long from my presence? was your Tutress Lady *Flerma* with you, or else from whence came you?

The Princesse *Athelia* (as a maxime incident to the Female Sex) being in such amorous actions, never unprovided of a sufficient excuse, extempore framed her this applausible answer.

MAdam, (If it please your grace) I have long since been precisely invited to see *Fulvia* the Countesse of *Arios* daughters Chamber; and this morning unexpected she in person came for me; you being as then in your secret Closet, I was loth to disturb you, and so departed without Conge: for Lady *Flerma*, my mistresse, she was then at her devotions, and onely *Iffida* my waiting-maid attended me.

This dulcid Reply soon contented the Queen; and so *Athelia* remaining in her presence, we will a while there leave her, and return again to tormented *Thalmo*.

Who being as it were plunged in the stream of *Athelia's* beauty, and almost drowned in the River of her affection, as also hearing no answer of his Sonnet sent by *Levina*; stormed in such sort, that his familiars, (who being not acquainted with his passions) thought he would sure run Lunatique to dance with the skies, or else stark mad with the

Man

Man in the Moon to caper above the Clouds; for such rage possessed his senses, and such Anger overmastered his Reason, that I think he resolved with himselfe, or else vowed to *Apollo* to run to the confines of his wits Common-wealth; all company he abandoned, and detested the light, as *Jupiter* when he transcended in a cloud to dazle *Vulcan*, thereby to enjoy *Juno*: His speeches were far-fetch't sighes, unlesse now and then he would breathe forth the name of *Athelia*: his laughter was metamorphosed to tears, and no motion could enter the Cabinet of his conceits, but the resemblance of *Athelia*, his Closet seemed to him a meere Purgatory, and his Bed a very exact Hel in conceited shew, (though not in effectual substance) his torments might be compared to the tortures of *Ixion*, only excepted, that he had a more faire Mistresse in *Athelia*, then *Ixion* had in *Proserpina*. When he walked, the image of *Athelia* stood before him, whose Picture (with *Pygmalion*) he adored, as the unique solace of his hearts contentation: being in his Study pensively passionate, he would suddenly arise and ask who was there? as if *Athelia* had been alwayes knocking at the door: From thence in a fantastical humour he would forthwith direct his course to the Fields, where most sorrowfully he would to the senceleſſe Trees decypher forth the manner of his Mistresses cruelty; And again, as having offended, immeditately fall to sing a Sonnet in praise of her: and from thence, as though he had been bound apprentice to no trade, fall into another humour of recording his passions: amongst the

the reſt (as I well remember) he once ranged into a very pleaſant Forreſt, and ſo from thence to Mountains next adjoyning, and again to Valleys, as the weathercock of his contemplations guided him; when being over-peſtered with innumerable of amorous fancies, on the plain ground (where Miſtreſſe *May* had naturally ſpread a Summer-Carpet) taking out his Pen and Paper, he there endited this enſuing Sonnet.

If walking by ſome ſtately ſilver ſtream,
When as there chanceth a bloomy winde to be,
Me thinks amidſt that cockling vaperous gleam
I preſently my faire Athelia *ſee;*
And if I trace upon their borders ſweet,
Inſtead of trees I ſtill Athelia *meet.*

If that I chance into the fields to hie
To pluck a Noſegay for Athelia *faire:*
Me thinks amidſt each flower I doe eſpie
The ſweet reſemblance of her beauty rare:
And if by chance to ſing I doe pretend,
For anſwer, ſhe her ecchoing voice doth lend.

If on high mountains ſometimes I aſcend
To ſee the harmleſſe flocks their paſture take,
Me thinks from hill to dale mine eyes I lend
If of my dear I may eſpial make;
And if ſome Nymph or Shepherdeſſe I ſee,
Me thinks farre off, it ſhould Athelia *be.*

From

From whence if I in valies do ekart
My self to shade me from all humane sight,
Or think to live in Woods alone apart,
Hating the day, loving the mournful night:
Athelia, *as I hie, doth run before,*
When as my fortune hard I do deplore.

Which having ended, forgetting both pen and paper, yea Sonnet and all behind him, (as *Neptune* did his Trident, when *Nereus* had almost found him with a Syrene) he resolved to range further into the unknown Forrests. But as posting time gives a period to all terrestrial accidents, so in roving from place to place, without reaping so much as the blisful thought of one delectable applause, he at last arrived to a fair Cypres tree, where resolving to sleep, he was no sooner down, but (Love being impatient of delayes) he rose again instantly, determining to depart; yet desirous to write some Ditty (in testimonial of his passions) although not knowing what to write, he busily in his pocket search'd for his Pen and Paper; but not finding it he immediately drew out his poniard, and there on the Bark of the aforesaid Cypres tree (with as much skil as his trembling hand could afford) he engraved (or carved) this Ditty following.

Thou Cypres tree,
If once thou see
My fair Athelia *passe this way,*

Tell

Tell her I came
To print her name,
Thereby my passions to display,
And let thy bark
Whereon I mark
This sacred Ditty of delight,
Say onely Love
My hand did move
In secret sort it to Endite,
And without fear
Do witnesse bear.
On bended knee I do protest
Whiles death shall give
Me leave to live
To wear her Pourtraict in my breast.

Which having ended he very often kist it, as if there remained some figured resemblance of his Mistresses perfection. And so leaving the Fields, he again returned to his melancholy Cel, where busying his brain about his Mistresses beauty, we will instantly leave him to the fancy of his affections, and a little entreat of almost forgotten *Palma.*

PALMA being by King *Brylion* appointed Lieutenant of *Ithica*-Caſtle, (wherein the beautiful *Merſilva* was detained Priſoner) did, as having his heart inſpired with pity, grievouſly ſorrow to ſee *Porus* his Captain ſo rigorouſly entreat her: For whereas King *Brylion* did allow her a comely Chamber, a pleaſant Arboury, a correſpondent Diet, and a Damſel to attend her; He on a ſudden withdrew from her all thoſe aforenominated Priviledges, placing her in a very obſcure Dungeon; where the thought of ſo deteſtable a Damp might have driven *Alexander* himſelf into the labyrinth of conceited deſpair: for in ſtead of a Garden for her walk, ſhe had the onely liberty of her cloſe-Priſon: her Diet being of a homely fare, and that ſcarce enough to content nature; And in ſtead of being attended on by ſome Lady, very baſely ſerved by an ugly ruffian, in the furrows of whoſe angry brows it ſeemed envious wrath ſate triumphant, having from his Captain a ſtrait command to hinder all thoſe which (in her diſtreſſe) ſhould aim to ſuccour her, *Merſilva* perceiving her ſelf to be bolted up in this unmerciful Priſon, (as a Climate contrary for her Complexion to endure) exclaimed on Fortune, deploring that ever her tender years had attained to the ſight of ſo diſmal aſpect! But well might ſhe weep, and having wept return to weeping again, becauſe there was no ſpectators of her lamentation! and well might ſhe lament, and having lamented, ſigh again, becauſe there were none to ſolace her in the depth of her perplexed miſeries! For if at any time ſhe bemoaned her ſelf

to her rigorous Keeper (with applaufible reaſons to enduce him to pity) ſhe was forthwith check'd up with a dictionary of reproaches, alledging that her entertainment exceeded her merits. Which as a ſecond wound, though the firſt deadly, did ſo tranſport her reaſon to the profundity of compleat anguiſh, that with wringing hands, and throbbing ſighs, as walking in her Citadel of deſpair, ſhe to her tormented ſelf breathed out theſe ſpeeches;

PErplexed *Merſilina*! thou haſt now (being by experience taught) juſt cauſe to acknowledge how inconſtant Fortune doth at her pleaſure conduct Princes to the top of proſperity; and immediately changing humour, and turning the Needle of her Compaſſe to another point, doth violently tear the Bark of their former eſtate againſt the dangerous ſhores of future perdition, where ſuffering ſhipwrack, the memory of their happineſſe is immediately ſubmerged in the unmerciful intrailes of tyrannizing misfortune. Amongſt the reſt, ah unfortunate *Merſilva*, thou mayeſt of that Cameleon Tragedy term thy ſelf a prinipal actor; becauſe the ſubject of thy preſent miſery, hath already as a Prologue, accidentally mounted the Theatre of deſtruction: moſt wretched *Merſilva*! when the memory of thy birth doth (through the Chaos of thy conceits) pierce to the thought of conſideration; And comparing dignities paſt to calamities preſent: what terrour of aggravation it doth proffer to thy hope, thou mayeſt (ſince knowing) well

conjecture, whereas others (therewith unacquainted) can ſcarcely preſuppoſe. Ah, deſolate *Merſilva*! how are thy delicious delights now tranſmutated to melancholy contemplations! Thy pleaſant paſtimes diverted to doleful mourning: and thy ſweet ſports metamorphoſed to ſorrowful diſconſolations! Ah, ſure it is, (and therefore ſure, becauſe ratified by the gods themſelves) that glory doth fade as well as flouriſh; beauty dye as well as domineere; and honour wither, as the flowers of the Field, which no ſooner ſprout, with *Titan*, but die with *Cynthia*, what is then the, world but a labyrinth of perplexities? What then is dignity? but the ſeat of ambition? and what is Glory, but the throne of ſuperbity? Ah *Merſilva*! but ſuch is the courſe of this terreſtrial diadem, That being produced in ſinne, we proſecute in folly; and never forbear to deteſt Vertue before ingulf'd in the Stygian ſtream of Vice. Therefore account thy miſeries, as a recompence predeſtinated for thy fortune; account thy torments, as a reward ſent for thy ſin; and laſtly, term thy calamities, as a meritorious affliction, projected for thy miſdemeanour.

Which doleful ſpeeches ſhe uttered with ſuch zealous fervency, that the report thereof would have cauſed Diſdain her ſelf to have pitied her; for ſometimes ſhe walked (like mute *Progne*) in her miſerable Cottage; and then inſtantly threw her ſelf on her Bed of care, where drawing her Curtains cloſe about her, one might well deem it to be a Tombe, and her ſelf a dead Corps, therein interred:

red: when again reviving her ſpirits and remem; bring her miſery, ſhe would ſorrowfully ſmile and inſtantly rebuke her ſelf for committing ſo comical an offence. Her Holland-Handkerchiffe (reſembling the Cayſtrine Swans for whiteneſſe) ſhe often waſh'd with pearled tears (which diſtilled down the ſoyl of her ſorrowful cheeks,) and then immediately dryed him with fanning wind on her face to arrouſe her ſpirits: in which ſorrowfull ſort ſhe moſt grievouſly paſt the day, without being comforted by the aſſiſtance of any; untill at laſt the exclamation of her mournful complaint (by good fortune) arriving to the underſtanding of Princely *Plivio*, drave him to ſo inſtant an humor of relentation, that knowing her to be a Princeſſe moſt royally deſcended, as alſo innocently impriſoned without committing any crime or ſcandalous malefaction to the Crown or Kingdome of *Zanfara*: he being vanquiſhed with *debonair* pity, burſt into theſe terms;

WHY *Plivio* I can humanity ſuffer that ſo beautiful a Princeſſe as *Merſilva* ſhould endure impriſonment, thy ſelf being preſent? or, can the dignity of that (divine) Sex obtain no more favour at thy hands, where thou mayeſt by vertue of thy power bear ſway? are thy ſenſes ſo mask'd with obſcurity, thine eyes ſo obſcured with impiety, or thy heart ſo fraughted with cruelty, that her tears cannot (to thee) ſufficiently ſollicite for her freedome; or her complaints, as advocates of her innocency, perfectly plead to thee for her ſpee-

dy enlargement? How may the world blame thee of ingratitude? how may thy conſcience accuſe thee of rigor? or, how may thy thoughts condemn thee of tyranny? when the odio uſnes of thy (impudent) fact, ſhall (with the wind of report) arrive to the barre of (unpartial) diſcretion; when thy faults being deſcried, and thy follies diſcloſed, what colour of correſpondent argument canſt thou alledge for thy excuſe? or, what mask of ſenſibility canſt thou produce to orevaile thy inhumauity? Ah *Plivio!* conſider with thy ſelf in reaſon (unleſs exempt of all reaſon) from whence thou art extracted: if thou ſay (as thou canſt not deny) from the loins of a woman, how falleth it then out thou differeſt from ſo temperate a nature? or, if thou alledge thy father to be a *Centaure*, or thy mother a *Priſciraxe*, no marvel thou art ſo perfidiouſly enclined to their devilliſh diſpoſition. Ah *Plivio!* recall thy ſenſes to the throne of Pity, and drown the rigorouſnes of thy conceit, in the vaſt gulf of oblivion: Let thy thoughts before thine eyes beare the Banner of lenity; and let the Enſigne of remorſe pitch his Tent in the Campe of thy cogitations: &, ungrateful *Plivio*, reſolve, that to ſuccour the diſtreſſed, is a point of good nature; and to aſſiſt a tormented Lady, is a fact condignely worthy commendation. What though *Porus* thy Captain hate her? is it therefore conſequent that thou ſhouldeſt loath her? No *Plivio*, no, let not the ſuſpicion of inhumanity? obſcure the appearance of thy benignity? nor let the thought of perverſe impiety drown the apparition of thy flouriſhing affability;

but

but rather let thy (demonstrative) actions savour of courtesie, and let thy resolutions be tempered with charity; so shall thy contemplations be established of the Saints for meer bountifulnesse; thy conceits accounted of all men for gratious benignity, and thy debonaire nature of the gods themselves esteemed for blisfull Piety.

Upon the ground of which applausible resolution, pricking forwards his breast with the animosity of honour, he very resolutely determined to visite *Mersilva*. So that giving wings to his courage, and liberty to his resolution, he immediately directed his course to the place where she sorrowfully lay imprisoned: where he was no sooner entered, but he might forthwith espy her mournfully sitting on her Bed of misery, having her face overvailed with a sable skarf, as if she partly loathed to see the appearance of delightsome *Phœbus*; when not securely sleeping, but rather dolefully slumbering, being by his pace aroused from her pensive contemplations, she forthwith elevated her self from her seat of sorrow, and ruffling aside her skarf, discovered the whole substance of her singular Visage (as the most fair Phœbe being released from the obscurity of the darksome clouds) from whence her radiant eyes displayed their splendent influence as fixed Stars divinely seated in the (beautifull field of) celestial Element, so she attending his comming, he boldly approached her (where with an humble reverence) after he had most courteously saluted her he borded her in this sort.

MOst faire Princesse! I am at last come to your delectable presence, as a guilty offender to crave pardon for my forepast crime, (in that I which within this Castle may something command, have so long desered from affording you consolation:) But sweet *Mersilva!* my Captains command was the Rein that (iuhumanely) with-held me from prosecuting my pretence; who being now departed to the Court, if you please to walk into the Fields, (or Gardens here next adjoyning) to recreate your selfe in taking the freshayre, I will accompany you assuring you that if this Castle possesse any thing which may pleasure or serve you, you shall not only command it, but my (voluntary) assistance likewise.

Mersilva seeing this (unknown) Gentleman proffer her such kindnesse, dying her Christal Cheeke with a *Vermilion* blush, (which it seemed Hope had of purpose instantly sent her) very courteously returned him this applausible answer.

GEntleman, my vanquish'd Hope (which already hath been transported to the brim of despaire) being now by the wind of your benigne newes again infused within the stream of consolation, doth for this your debonaire courtesie render you many millions of affectionate thanks; &, gracious Knight! since of (unmerited) kindnesse you proffer me this sweet comfort, I will not deny your (Nectar) demand, but account my selfe fortunate to enjoy the ayre of the fragrant Fields.

Plivio

Plivio perceiving how exceeding glad ſhe was to ſigne her priſon a generall acquittance, (and again how willing to walk in the gardens) kiſſing his hand and very kindly taking her by the arm, he conducted her by a Poſtern gate (through the Caſtle) to the Fields, and from thence to the Arbours of pleaſure: where *Merſilva* delighting to range from Bank to Border, and from Fountain to Bower, leaving in a manner no place therein unproſpected, ſhe at laſt arrived to a very ſumptuous Ciſtern; whoſe wals being of clear gliſtering Alabaſter and ſhining Marble, gave ſuch a compleat grace to *Merſilva's* (partial) eyes, that her ſpirits at ſo pleaſant a proſpect did then receive the long lookt for motion of delightful contentment: ſo at laſt hearing the deſcent of ſome iſſued ſtream (which as it ſeemed made a muſical acord, in falling to the concavity of the earth) ſhe (taking her ear to be her guide) began to trace about the circumference of the aforeſaid Ciſtern, where ſhe forthwith eſpied on the eaſtern ſide thereof (ſome Ell diſtant one from the other) two ſtately Pillars of Dove-white Ivory, being very curiouſly carved and begirt about with divers ſpacious guards of refined Azure, wherein were enamel'd both lovely Roſes, and ſplendent Starres of moſt beautiful and artificial ingeny; on which Pillars tops ſtood two female Images moſt induſtriouſly painted, well reſembling the Graces, each holding in their outward hands a little Vane, whereon one ſide was painted *Minerva*, and on the other *Diana*, and joyning their other hands (which they elevated over their heads) did ſupport the

third Grace, being crowned with an Olympian Garland, holding in both her hands a Table of Celestial hue, seated in a frame of illustrious Argent, from out whose six globy Paps resembling for whiteneſſe the snow which doth imbrace the *Pyrenian* Mountains, rushed forth clear Chrystal spouts of silver water; wherewith she being with too much joy for a while ravished, at last perceived (betwixt the two Pillars) a pretty conceited Geometrical door therein to enter, where entring she saw a small Mountain in form of a Pyramides, which did attain unto the top of the Ciſtern, from whence Nature (being by divine instinct commanded) did yield forth full many a Vein of weeping water, which by degrees distilled down the Rock, was lastly through Pipes of Silver by ingenious art, most curiously conveyed to the Graces Paps, which *Merſilva* seeing (and shutting the doore) resolved to depart; but by chance again thereon reflecting her sight (as unwilling so soon to take her farewel) and glancing her eyes at randome upon the perfection of the upper Grace, (she either deluded with a shadow, frumpt at with a Fancy, or how I know not) immediately conceived that she saw her artificial eyes naturally reflect in the Model of their influence, and so being in conceit inducted that it was so, or else thinking that at the request of some second Pygmalion, the Goddeſſe *Venus* had with life likewise inspired her; She resolved with her self that the said Grace although how she knew not) had interiorly some lively feeling of Natural sence, and applying it as the illusion of her fan-

fantasie drave her, conjectured that she invited her (more near) to approach, In respect whereof, mounting a step which stood (very close) before the *Graces*, she thought of them, but especially of the uppermost, to have some secret conference: where being elevated she forthwith forgat her self, (as if some sacred Deity had so before predestinated it) and after was instantly put in mind of her doleful calamities, whereat much lamenting, she blushed with shame in that she had committed so sottish an absurdity: when looking about her and not seeing *Plivio* there espying the blew Table which the Grace held in her hand, she from out her golden haire drew her glorious Head-bin, and so essaying and finding the stone tractable, (recalling her Muse to her sorrowful humour) in fair letters, *Ala Romanisto*, she thereon indited this Sonnet.

Fortune is frail and changeth with the wind,
Riches doth fade and Beauty soon doth flie,
Honour is drosse, and Glory now I find
With Times instinct doth in oblivion die.
What then is Riches but a Summers shower?
What then is Beauty, but a Winters-blaze?
What then is Honour but a withering-flower?
Or what is Glory but the worlds amaze?
Riches and Beauty, Honour, Glory, all,
Are they not subject to Times Deity?
Yes time doth cause their splendor for to fall
At the assignement of his Soveraginty.

Whiles thus *Mersilva* was overviewing the pride of

of this ſumptuous garden, *Plivio* commanded a very gallant banquet to be there prepar'd; the which moſt kindly in an Eglantine-Bower he preſented her: And to make her Cates ſeem the more pleaſant, he ſo ordained that a Conſort of Lutes, together with three tender Eunuchs, ſhould (in her hearing) warble forth melodious harmony. So in this delectable manner for a whiles they deluded the time, wherein *Plivio* never failed to glance his eye on the ſweet Object of *Merſilva's* Beauty; the which *Cupid* (at unawares) eſpying, immediately bent his Bow and let fly an arrow, headed with Deſire, and feathered with affection; which ſo forcibly hit *Plivio* to the heart, that he immediately fainted at the ſtroak, ſo that now he acknowledged no Goddeſſe but *Citherea*, no Saint but *Venus*, nor no Lord but *Love*, ſo that his breaſt being penetrated with the influence of amorous contemplation, after having reconducted *Merſilva* to the Caſtle, he hying to his Chamber, alone to himſelf breathed out theſe ſpeeches:

HOw now *Plivio!* what in a moment vanquiſhed in the field of Beauty? or hath *Cupid* ſuch power at the firſt approach to penetrate thy breaſt with affection? can thy reſolutions, which were devoted to *Bellona* now ſtoop to *Venus*, and ſo make (Laurel) Garlands in her praiſe, whereas heretofore thou diſdaineſt her ſociety? what, wilt thou fondly imbathe thy Capacity in the ſtream of Amorous contemplation, and (ſo albeit to thy prejudice) devote thy Oraiſons to the Altar of Love?

Be

Beware, *Parma*! The *Syrenes* have ſweet voyces, yet deceitful; the *Panthers* fair skins, yet infectious; and the *Amazons* beautiful faces, yet meer diſſemblers. What? *Helen* was fair, yet a Wanton; *Thaïs* was lovely, yet lewd; and *Simiramis*, though curious yet a Courtezan. But alas *Plivio!* One matter maketh not a Maxime; nor doth forepaſt examples include generall actions: for ſpeak without partiality, and thy conſcience will plead, that as there hath been a wanton *Helen*, ſo a wiſe *Calliope*; As a lewd *Thaïs*, ſo a chaſte *Luctetia*; and as a vitious *Semiramis*, ſo a vertuous *Suſanna*: therefore *Plivio*, retire not with ſhame, but advance with valour; (For as the Poets report, Faint heart never pluck'd fruit from the tree of Love:) Conſider *Plivio*, with thy ſelf, what *Merſilva* is; and then as in the Mirrour of Verity, thou ſhalt perceive her to be, of Deſcent a Princeſſe, of Qualities a Queen, of Beauty an Angel, and of perfection the onely *Phœnix* of her Sexe. Who then but would like ſuch a Virgin? who then but would love ſuch a Paragon? Nay, who but would (upon the altar of Humanity) ſacrifice his life in the behalf of ſo ſweet a Saint?

Thus embathing his Capacity in the (*Nectar*) Aganippe of Amorous contemplation, and ſolacing his ſenſes in the (*Tempe*) ſtream of *Merſilva's* Beauty, he remained ſo toſticated in conceit, that no *plaudite* could pleaſe him, but the *Idea* of his fair Miſtreſſe; no thought content him unleſſe ſprung from her majeſtical vertue; nor no imagination delight him, unleſſe derived from the pure Model of

of her rare perfection: So as burning with desire to display his pretence, heat last with a trembling resolution indited this Letter, which (by a trusty Messenger) he sent to faire *Merfilva*, the Heavenly QUEEN of his Humane imaginations.

SWeet Lady! I heretofore infused this period to my Resolutions: That the power of Cupid *was peevish; the Instinct of Love, lewd; and the Influence of* Cytherea *vicious. But now, deare* Merfilva, *(and therefore deare, because* Merfilva*) having sent the eyes of my Capacity to rang upon the superexcellent soyle of your Beauty, and finding the Model thereof to be repleated with the physnomie of Majestical grace, I was instantly so surprised with a Favourable censure, That abandoning my former invective cruelty, I forthwith bent my devotion to the Altar of your flourishing excellency; Wherefore, amorous Princesse! since I repose the prime of my delight, in contemplating upon the* Idea *of your rare perfection, and derive my cheifest solace from the lovely* Index *of your angelical Personage, by so much the more seek to counterveile my love with the recompence of your friendship: and let an applausible answer be the (meritorious) guerdon of my constant fidelity. I will not in depainting my passions, seek to tosticate your conceits with (the prolixitie of) a tedious Epistle; because the report is, Many words umbrage dissimulation: therefore sweet Angel of my breast, and goddesse of my cerebrosity, (I beseech you) penetrate your capacity with this brief principle, that* Plivio *must perforce either affect* Merfilva, *or hate himself; and ever account* Merfilva *till eternity to be the (divine)*

vine) *Saint of my ſoule; to whom all my terreſtrial actions muſt maugre the effects of fortune be devoted.*

Till death and after, your
conſtant Servant,
PLIVIO.

Merſilva having received this Letter, and knowing from whom it came, without any diſdainful coyneſſe unript the ſeals, and reading it with a variable countenance bluſh'd; becauſe the method thereof taſted of love, the which ſhe had no ſooner done, but fetching a ſigh, ſhe inſtantly found her ſences beſet with many agreeable conceits of *Plivio's* perfection: Every line ſeeming to make a ſmooth path way for *Cupids* entrance: But at laſt, daunting her *Papbian* ſparks with a modeſt countenance, and conſidering the courteſie which he had before ſhewen her, ſhe reſolved to return him an anſwer, the contents whereof followeth.

To friendly *Plivio*, if penitent, Proſperitie.

YOur Letter ſent by your Page, I have received, making thereat no difficulty, becauſe I thought therein to finde onely the appearance of your welfare; But unripping the ſeals, and peruſing the ſubſtance, I (contrary to my expectation) found your lines to be repleted with the phraſe of amorous fancy; wherefore I repented me of my audacious fact, as having committed a raſh offence; and blamed my hand for having intermedled with

ſo

so prejudicial an assair: But again weighing the former courtesie which you have presented me before the view of my contemplations, (albeit undecent for my sexe) I thought it agreeable to return you an answer: The substance whereof is to requeſt you, to give a solemn Conge to your commenced enterprise; because the thought of affection cannot lodge within the Centre of my breast; neither can my cogitations stoop to your shrine of distasteful love. Forbear therefore the writing of more frivolous Letters, because they are motives which moleſt my imaginations; and ceaſe suing of her, which till death intends not to be won by any: in stedfast hope whereof, without omitting thanks for your former courteſie, I rest

Thy friend (if the enemy of amorous affections)
MERSILVA.

Having thus finiſhed her Letter; ſhe ſtood in doubt to ſend him, fearing leſt the receit thereof might redound to the diſadvantage of her fame: But at laſt ſounding the depth of her affection by the mutability of her fancies, and the foundation of her love by the allurement of her liking: And finding her ſelf to be inſpired with the flames of *Citherea*, ſhe inſtantly reſolved (deſpight all contrary oppoſition) to proſecute her purpoſe, by vertue of which reſolution ſubſcribing to her Letter, ſhe forthwith delivered him to her Page to convey him to *Plivio*; who as a diligent ſervant made ſpeedy way, that in ſhort time he arrived to the Palace, where *Plivio* was then reſident, and being brought to his preſence, and unvailing his Bonnet,

Bonnet, he forthwith accomp'ished his Ladies command, *Plivio* not knowing from whom it came, very busily unript the Seals, and so without further prolixity of literature-introduction, he directed his sight to the Signers name; where finding the consonants of *Mersilva* to be charactered, whether his thoughts were then obscured with divine conceits, or his breast replenished with many ravishing contemplations: I refer the censure thereof to those Gallants which have likewise enjoyed the essence of the like sacred tenuity: Yet sure I am, that the sight of this divine present did not onely solace our dispairfull *Plivio*, but likewise infused a sudden encouragement to his tormented malady; that imbracing the Epistle in his hand, he very often kist the Nectar-oracle of *Mersilva's* name, and with many pearled tears, seconded with affectionate sighs, instantly paid thereof the *Bien venue*. But at last, calling his thoughts to a retreat, and sounding the drum of Discretion to refresh his senses, he orderly mounted the steps of the Letters preamble, and so with the Sun again descending, overviewed sincerely thereof the substance; which being not contrived to his humours complexion, nor complotted after the fashion of his distempered fancy, he instantly raged and stormed, as if the demonstration of his fumes were to be presented upon the Theatre of folly; sometimes he would stamp, and in a moment stare, as if his brains had been besotted with a lunatick frensie; then curse *Cupid* because he was contrary to his enterprise; and yet instantly yield many millions of thanks to gracious *Ve-*

nus

nus for inveſting him a ſervant to ſo ſweet a Miſtreſs, when repeating the name of *Merſilva*, he would thereat quietly ſit down and ſlumber, as though the Deity of that ſacred word had ſome charming authority to lul him aſleep; and again riſe, and with deteſtable reproaches rebuke his eyes, becauſe they ſo unfortunately anchored upon the Sand of *Merſilva's* Beauty. The Page being all this while ſpectator of *Plivio's* tormented paſſions; and knowing that it was onely his Miſtreſſe *Merſilva's* refuſal, which begirt him in that perplexity; inſtantly (leaving him to his paſſions) departed, when being arrrived to his Miſtreſſes preſence, he falled not in the higheſt degree to depaint her the manifeſtation of the Gentlemans malady; as alſo the melancholy humor of his perplexed calamity. Which *Merſilva* no ſooner underſtood, but being afreſh inflamed with his affection, ſhe very ſuddenly in her Princely breaſt conceived a motion of remorſe; being exceedingly ſorry that her occaſion ſhould adminiſter the ſparks of his aggravation: when ſeparating her ſelf from company, ſhe betook her to her Cloſet (reſolving to breath out her paſſions to her alone) where ſhe was no ſooner arrived, but the Princeſſe *Athelia* knocking at the doore, came to paſſe the time with her, as alſo to invite her ſelf for that night her Bedfellow. *Merſilva* ſmothering up her ſorrows under the maſk of a merry countenance, bade her (outwardly) welcome (For her inward contemplations ranged upon the *Idea* of *Plivio*) And ſo they with familiar dalliance, and friendly conference deluded the time, till Supper being

being done, and the skies overvail'd with the canopy of obſcure night, they both betook themſelves to their Bed; where both, but (eſpecially *Merſilva*) ſlept with a watchful countenance, (as having their conceits tracing upon their Favourites perfections. Till ſplendent *Aurora*, the joyful meſſenger of *Phœbus*, had no ſooner in combate conquered the vaſtal Night, and ſo given the ſable Clouds a valorous overthrow; but radiant *Titan* tranſpiercing his darts through their Damask-curtains, early in the morn, made *Merſilva* ariſe; who without any noiſe (leaving *Athelia* in bed) apparelled her ſelf, directing her courſe to the Fields, when circumferencing divers pleaſant Meadows, ſhe at laſt arrived to a fragrant Mountain, where not onely finding that the Spring did preſent her with a delicious umbrage, but alſo that *Phœbus* had there exhaled the Balmy-drops from the face of *Flora* ſhe very lovely (on the verdant graſſe) moſt majeſtically layed her down, (having a buſh of Eglantine branches (interlaced with Couſlips) in her hand, not onely to repulſe the Rayes of ardent *Olympus*, but alſo to keep off the Gnats and Bees which delighted to range upon the bloomy Roſes of her Damask-cheeks; where penſively contemplating with her ſenſes, ſhe at laſt breathed out theſe ſpeeches:

AH *Merſilva* how are thy conceits now ſuddenly caught in the ſnares of affection! and how are thy delightful pleaſures now diverted to amorous paſſions! Can the model of thy capacity, which heretofore could receive no impreſſion, become now

tractable to receive any print? and must thy tender breast be so soon given over to affection?

Which words she had no sooner uttered, but casting aside her sight, she might very plainly perceive her (unexpected) *Plivio* approach, whereat exceedingly blushing (because such fortunate news incharmed her purpled blood to assemble) she immediately prepared herself to entertain him; who being arrived (as the Præludium of his blisfulness) imboldned himself to kisse her, wherein he so exquisitely delighted, that he absolutely resolved, her coral lips had attractive power, on so sweet a soyle to make his domestical demeur; but at last recalling his senses (though unwilling to depart from so sacred a solace) and sitting her down on a proper bank) which the Lady *May* had made the more pleasant in bestowing for his recognisance a verdant livery) regarding her very lovingly, and straining her modesty by her Lily hand, at last (though affection a long time had made his tongue silent) with a trembling Rhetorical voice he laid his siege in this sort.

MOst beautiful *Mersilva*! My humane eyes no sooner reflected their aspects upon the dainty soyle of your divine beauty, but I immediately felt my breast inspired with the sudden flames of lovely *Citherea*; the which in respect my abrupt Epistle can hardly relate, I am now on purpose come to present my faithful service to your sacred benignity protesting that in heart I alone adore your exquisite

self,

ſelf, as the Celeſtial Image to whom I bind and conſecrate my earthly devotions: therefore, faire *Merſilva*, I beſeech you to return my Love affection, my Courteſie kindneſſe, and my Suit acceptance, that triumphing over fortune, I may give deſpaire a farewel, & ſo again cheriſh my afflicted hope, with the joy which your delectable ſelf ſhall ingender in my more then joyful imaginations.

Merſilva well noting with what zealous affection he pronounced his ſpeeches, could inſtantly have found in her heart to condiſcend to his ſo reaſonable requeſt, but (though tranſported with Loue) thinking ſo ſoone to yield, were in her ſex a point of imprudency, ſhe at laſt framed him this anſwer.

PLIVIO! The faireſt flowers do commonly harbour the fowleſt waſps; and where the ſtream ſeemeth moſt delectable, it is often moſt dangerous; ſweet words are but counterfeit ſhadowes for deceit; and when the skye ſeemeth cleere, it commonly preſageth a ſtorm, Men in theſe dayes reſemble the pictures of *Janus*, which can fit a colour for every countenance, and a fancie for every favour; therefore as I will truſt none, ſo I mean not to try any; leſt repoſing confidence unadviſedly, I buy repentance too deare, and ſo diſcretion comming too late, cry *peccavi* out of ſeaſon. *Diana's* maxims in my capacity are not ſo ſoone evaporated, neither will I ſo prejudice my quality as to account *Venus* my patroneſſe; in the mirrour

of experience I daily see the downfal of divers, in respect whereof, by others harms I mean to beware. Therefore, *Plivio*, if thou leavest thy suit, I will perchance love thee as a friend; or, if the contrary, assuredly hate thee as an enemy.

Plivio perceiving his Saint to fight alwayes under the Banner of cruelty, (as also that she held his fidelity in suspect) having his tosticated Muse ingulph'd in the Ocean of perplexity, did a long time remain silent; but again reflecting his regards upon the daintinesse of her (excelling) beauty, he rousing his spirits, answered her as followeth.

WHy faire *Mersilva*, one Swallow makes not a Summer, nor doth forepast matters include future maxims: Affection cometh by destiny, not by device; and is therefore natural, not artificial; it is hard to censure of my qualities by others conditions, and very difficult to judge of my affections by others infidelity; therefore because you mistrust that many circumstances overvaile inconstancy, I will cease onely with this sincere protestation; That my Love to *Mersilva* is firm, not fickle; faithful, not fained; and so grounded upon the rock of immoveable, intire amity, that as my dayes shall demonstrate my perpetual affection, so my death shall testifie my immortal Fidelity.

Mersilva understanding this his constant resolution, (as being penetrated to the quick with the dart of *Cupid*) immediately blushed in such amorous

rous ſort, that ſhe could ſcarſe refrain from condeſcending to his demand; but at laſt danting her Vermilion complexion with a modeſt countenance, ſhe briefly returned him this ſharp Reply.

WHy *Plivio*, it is high time to impoſe a concluſion to our conference, ſince the theam whereon you deſcant proceedeth from folly; for if you conjecture that my conceits will ſtoop to the (alluring) bait of Love, you deceive your Hope with a vain abſurd imagination, and onely with the Maſtiffs of *Cirum* bark againſt the Moone. What I outwardly ſpeake, I in heart inwardly preſuppoſe; therefore ground the Anchors of your ſpeech in the ſands of ſilence; and preſume not to preſent her with the Pils of your Love, which eſteems not any way of your affection.

Here perplexed *Plivio* was on the point to anſwer her Poetry. But *Merſilva* perceiving by the mutability of his countenance, to what harbour he ſtill directed his courſe; very ſuddainly without taking Conge, departed; where leaving him to his perplexities, and her to her paſſions, we will for a while erre from their proceedings, and a little entreat of Prince *Medors* adventures.

PRince *Medor*, as before you have heard, having gotten the good will of the Princesse *Florina*, and setled his affection in the soyles of her memory, was in the prime of his hope and entrance of his expectation frustrated by King *Agenor* her Father, because he utterly denied to match his Daughter with him, in respect of an ancient quarrel between *Medors* Father and himself. So that *Medor* seeing he could not obtain his purpose, nor so much as conferre with his desired *Florina*, (because the King her Father had to that effect conveyed her secretly to the Country, he immediately (perwiging his Capacity with Honour) resolved for a whiles to travel, hoping that the influence of time would raze out the residence of the Kings indignation: So as assummoning his wits to appeare before the Theatre of Discretion, he at last determined by Sea to voyage to the Isle of *Madagascar*, there to remain with his Uncle Duke *Alphonso*. But yet, if departing without Conge of his Saint, she might meritoriously rebuke him of ingratitude, he determined to send her a Letter: and so taking ink and paper, the tears standing in his eyes, he wrote to this effect.

To the most fair Princesse FLORINA,
Eternal Contentation.

SWeet Lady! Destiny resolving to metamorphose our pleasant Nectar into bitter Aconitum, hath doubtlesse instigated

inſtigated the King your Father, to bind his invective malice againſt our innocency: So that dear Florina *I muſt depart, and being conſtrained to loſe the paradiſe of thy angelical perſonage, live, I know not where in the ...beron of exact Hell; Oh Camelion Fortune! not faithfull in any thing, but in abſurd infidelity! How can I live without fixing mine eyes upon the Beauty of faire* Florina? *and loſing her ſight, how can I demeure upon this vain earth, without drowning my ſelf in the briniſh tears which diſtill from the Conduit of mine eyes? But ſuch (fair Princeſſe!) is my fortune, nay unfortunate fortune, becauſe the Gods in the Synod of their reſolutions have impoſed it for a period to commence my miſery; 'nay more then ſo, I think ratified it for a plague to impale me within the circumference of endleſſe diſconſolation. But ſweet* (Florina!) *in what deſolate place ſoever I erect my reſidence, my contemplations ſhall range upon the Idea of your Beauty, and my Capacity ruminate upon the Phyſnomie of your perfections: For in the Cloſet of my diſtempered breaſt I will eſtabliſh the Image of your ſweet Perſonage; and daily upon the Altar of Love ſacrifice ſcalding ſighs, in teſtimonial of my immovable affection; Therefore, heavenly Paragon of my Capacity, and earthly Queen of my imaginations, pluck up your courage from the profundity of ſorrow, and reſolve, that maugre the treachery of fortune, or the cruelty of the fates, I will ſhortly return, and deſpight deſtiny crown our amity with the triumph of contentation, Therefore, ſweet* Florina, *till again I am bleſt by enjoying the celeſtial ſubſtance of your ſacred preſence, I will reſt as I am (and till death mean to be) that is, ever conſtant to* Florina, *or always faithleſſe to my ſelf.*

Your vowed and devoted

Which having ended, he forthwith delivered to a Gentleman of his to convey; and ſo at *Galathio* finding a ſhip ready to ſet ſail for *Madagaſcar*, he immediately therein departed; where being a long time floating upon the back of *Nereus*, and having paſt the Iſle of *Maio Cape Verd*, and *Cape bone fortune*, he was at laſt betwixt the Bay *St. Anne* and Iſle *Fernando*, overtaken by a cruel tempeſtuous ſtorm; which continuing a long time, forced them to ſtop at *L' Golpho Delfei* in *Africa*; where getting the ſhore, and finding himſelf weak by reaſon of his ſea-ſickneſſe, he inſtantly vowed there to make his demeur, and ſo taking leave of his ſhip-maſter, and beſtowing his liberality upon the Company, he there betook himſelf (as aforeſaid) to erect his reſidence; till at laſt being advertiſed by a Merchant of *Tormano*, that the Court of *Zanſara* was the Rendezvouz of the flower of Chivalry, he determined thither to travel: In which journey, ſome ten Leagues from the Court, by chance ſtraying into a Forreſt, and arriving to a ſolitary Cottage, whoſe ſituation in all things correſponded with his diſtaſteful paſſions, he (all prepoſitions to the contrary) reſolved there to make his abode; the better to delude the doleful time whiles he was abſent from his fair *Florina*, (For to a lover ſeparated from his Saint, there is nothing ſo agreeable, as ſolitarineſſe, which alwayes preſents him opportunity to record his amourous paſſions apart.) And the better to maſk his ſecrecy from the ſight of neighbouring ſpectators, he ſhrowded himſelf in a Hermites weed, ſeeming outwardly to all paſſengers,

gers, the chief inhabitant of that vaſtall Grove; where forgetting his former dignity, and ſolacing himſelf with the remembrance of his fair *Florina*, he a long time lived as a man which had forſaken the alluring jollities of this fickle world, devoted his ſoul to the onely enjoying of celeſtial felicities. But love which ſtill pierced him to the quick (with the beauty of his Miſtreſſe) would not ſo abandon this her amorous favourite, but ſo tyrannouſly intoſticated his conceits with ardent flames of affection, that thinking to ſleep, *Cupid* would permit *Morpheus* no entertainment; but enforced him divers times to ariſe, and pourtray forth his paſſions in affirmation of his fidelity: where amongſt many Sonnets and Elogies which he penned in memory of his abſent *Florina*, I will not omit to relate theſe three following; becauſe they are partly incident to the accompliſhing of this our Hiſtory.

The firſt he framed in an arboury adjoyning to his Hermitage, which diſplayes the Beauty of his Saint, to this effect following:

The picture of Florina *fair,*
Within my breaſt doth finely ſpring
Her lovely ſelf and beauty rare
Unto my ſenſes joyes doth bring.

Her ſweet delightful colour pure,
Unto my throbbed thoughts doth ſend
Some hope of conſtant love ſecure,
Which dainty Love I ſtill attend.

Her

Her constant Eyes like Starres most bright,
Doth alwayes shine within my minde.
Her Lily hew and lovely sight
Printed within my breast I find.

Her cherry-Cheeks of taint most fair,
In snow white fields doth lurk and lie;
Her coral-Lips like pastures rare,
Doth force me there for food to flie.

Her azured Veins like Rivers pure
Through dainty soyls doth fleet and run,
Her slender Waste did soon procure
My stedfast love long since begun.

Her speech most sweet unto my mind
At all times ease for grief doth send;
Her pretty pace, behaviour kind,
Likewise some shew of love doth lend.

Her modest grace, Vermilion hue,
Like Claret-colour fair doth shew;
Her self, her sight, and smiles most true,
In love with her did make me grow.

Her Beauty fair at first espie
Inforc'd my mind her self to love:
Therefore Florina, *till I die,*
Most constant to your self Ile prove.

The second, approving his Constancy, he coyned in his Closet, which was as followeth:

Tou

You little Birds, flie swiftly to my Dear,
And there unfold my faithfull constancy:
Tell her, my loyal Love shall firm appear,
And whiles I liue, all others I defie:
Unfold my minde, and make her know for sure,
Her Grace and Beauty did my Love procure.

You whistling Winds, go tell my Mistresse fair,
That still till death her Beauteous self I love;
Disclose to her, that first her taint most rare
To Cupids lure my tender Breast did move:
Vow, swear and plead by right of reasons law,
That first her sight my Breast to love did draw.

You Sun-bright Beams of Phœbus splendant light,
When with your golden Haire through axured Skies
You wipe the Dew from dainty flowers bright;
Go tell my Mistresse, that her piercing Eyes
At first prospect did so my heart inchain,
That constant to her still I must remain.

You pleasant Flowers which in fair Gardens spring,
Relate unto my sweetest Saint most fair,
That still her absence doth annoyes me bring,
And alwayes doth my joy with grief impair:
Go plainly tell that when I lose her sight,
My Sun is soon obscur'd with darkesome night.

You stately Woods, inform my Phœnix faire,
That on your lofty verdant trees most tall,
I have with faithfull Pen, or well elsewhere,
Engrav'd her name which first did work my thral,

And

And written for her ſake full many a rime,
In dainty morn of lady May's *chief prime.*

You Valleys fair, in midſt whereof doth run
Sweet ſilver ſtreams of dainty water pure:
Go tell my goddeſſe, that my love begun,
Till death, and after death muſt needs endure,
Run ſwiftly, run, and ſwear, till final end,
A thouſand ſighes for her ſweet ſake I ſend.

The third is the deſcription of a Dream, which he in his ſleep conceived to this effect:

When darkſom night began to veſt apace
Her Vlie Mantle on the Sun-bright day;
When Clouds obſcure reſolv'd to run their race,
And with the pale-fac'd-Moon to ſport and play;
Lo then, even then as ſlumbering on my Bed,
A lovely Dream ore-whelm'd my drowſie head.

Me thought I ſaw my Florina *fair*
Sitting alone in princely modeſt ſort,
Within the circuit of a golden Chaire;
Where with her tears her heavenly haire did ſport,
In night attire, a Coif of Holland pure,
Whereas ſhe ſigh'd, and ſometimes ſlept ſecure.

A Cloke of milk-white Damaſk did ſhe beare
All lin'd with azured Sattin end for end;
And likewiſe under that, a robe did wear
Of bluſhing ſkarlet, which did to me ſend

The

The ſight (fair ſight) of Velvet Slippers pure,
Wherein her naked Feet did reſt endure.

Her Colour pale, and yet as Chryſtal clear,
Did freſhly ſhine within her Angel face;
Her cherry Lips whereon delight did pear,
Again did deck her hue with lovely grace;
Grace ſo compleat, as Art can never blame,
Nor once the like Dame nature may not frame.

And yet amid'ſt her Lily Cheeks did ſpring
A bloomy Roſe of Crymſon ſanguine hue;
Which ſight unto my gladſom breaſt did bring
Celeſtial joys, which did my hea't ſubdue.
Her ſplendant Eyes like Stars divinely bright,
Did ſhine moſt fair, within my fancies ſight;

Sight which did force my trembling ſelf to trace
Unto the preſence of my beautious Dear,
Where when ſhe ſaw me with a princely grace
She rous'd her ſpirits, yet fraughted with ſome fear,
Began to ſigh, ith' mid'ſt her ſighes did ſay,
Oh, welcome Mædor! Feare fly now away.

And then me thought, Oh! I with arms outſpread
Did ſofily take my faire Florina *kinde,*
And laid her on her dainty maiden Bed
Whereto in honeſt ſort I alwayes lin'd,
And gave her many a time a chaſte ſweet kiſſe,
Which then was ſole contentment of my bliſſe;

Where-

Whereas she soon with lovely tears did pray,
And praying blush'd, and blushing pray'd again,
That I would then Dame Honours hests obay,
And from all Venus-*toyes my self refrain:*
Whereto at first, I soon did condescend,
And so in talk we both the time did spend.

At last in trembling sort, she faltering said,
Since (Parma) *now thou hast perform'd my will,*
And instantly my dear command obay'd,
No doubt hereafter thou shalt joy thy fill:
For Jove *will grant, where men aright require,*
In honest sort their chiefest hearts desire.

Which having said, away she clean did fade,
Quite from my sight in twinkling of an eye,
And so from slumbering sleep mine eyes soon made
The fresh Aurora *quickly to espie:*
When day was come, I knew 'twas but a Dream,
Whereof the thought doth breed me woes extream.

IT were too tedious to relate from point to point the austere life which Prince *Medor* in this solitary Grove led. Therefore let this suffice: That being pestered with ardent affection, he finally vowed to devote the pilgrimage of his dayes to *Florina's* service, & protested to adore her as the sacred Deitie to whom he dedicated the generality of his terrestrial devotions. Therefore leaving him to his disconsolate living, and his tormented Conceits to be solaced by patience; We will again intreat what befell Prince *Thalmo*, and his fair *Athelia*.

Thalmo

THALMO, as you have heard, perceiving his *Athelia* to be alwayes devoted to cruelty, and conjecturing with himself that she triumphed of his martyrdome, being overcome with Love, and traughted with affection, could reap no rest of his Conceits, untill he was made fortunate by prospecting the object of her singular Beauty. So that resolving to speak with her, and knowing her in the next adjoyning Arbour, he boldly advancing his pace, saluted her in this sort.

MOst fair *Athelia*! the nature of Plane. have each his Influence: and therefore I a. of purpose come, to know whether you are diverted from your accustomed cruelty.

Athelia blushing to see *Thalmo* present; yet shadowing her love under the mask of coyneſſe, very soon returned him this sharp Answer:

FOnd *Thalmo*! If Planets have power to transform manners, then I hope your old Folly is metamorphosed to new Discretion. For my part, I remain as I was accustomed; and if you the like, then as you came unlook'd for, you may depart when you please.

Thalmo seeing he was so peremptorily answered, prosecuted his purpose in this sort following:

WHy fair *Athelia*, should I which from the birth of your first aspect have be[illegible]n you faithful, become

become now to your Deity inconstant; Or would you counsel me to divert my forepast affection into future hatred?

Whereunto *Athelia* replyed:

THalmo, thy hatred doth more please me then thy affection, and yet I care little for both, and for thy self lesse.

Thalmo being ready to answer her, was instantly by *Levina* her Gentlewoman prevented, who came of purpose to attend her Mistresse; the which no sooner espied, but vailing his Bonnet with a sorrowful resolution he departed, raging against *Cupid* in respect he had predestinated him to serve so cruel a Mistresse: when walking apart in a private place there next adjoyning, he espied his Saint *Athelia* to direct her course to the Court: by vertue whereof re-entring the Arbour, and hying himself to the Bower, he there espied A Nosegay which *Athelia* had left behind her; whereunto very often smelling, he at last, at so fantastical a Subject, indited this ensuing Ditty.

Say Crimson-Rose and dainty Daffadil,
With Violet blew;
Since you have seen the Beauty of my Saint,
And eke her view:
Did not her sight (fair sight) you lovely fill
With sweet delight
Of Goddesse-grace and Angels sacred taint
In fine most bright?

Say

Say, golden Prim-rose, sanguine Cowslip faire,
With Pinck most fine;
Since you beheld the Visage of my Dear,
And Eyes divine:
Did not her globy Front, and glistering Hair,
With Cheeks most sweet,
So gloriously like Damask flowers appear,
The gods to greet?

Say, snow-white Lily, speckled Gilly-flower,
With Daisie gay;
Since you have viewed the Queen of my desire,
In brave array:
Did not her Ivory Pape, fair Venus *Bower,*
With heavenly glee
Of Juno's *grace, conjure you to require*
Her face to see?

Say Rose, say Daffadil, and Violet blew,
With Primerose faire;
Since you have seen my Nymphs sweet dainty-face,
And gesture rare:
Did not, bright Cowslip, bloomy Pinck, her view
White Lily, shine,
Ah Gilly-flowers, and Daisie, with a grace!
Like Stars divine?

Having thus breathed out his Passion upon the fragrant Nose-gay, and yet therewith nothing applaused, continually burning in conceit, to see his faire *Athelia* absent; he at last, resolved to finde her secretly in her Closet: where very pensively entering,

ing, and not seeing her there, finding her Standish on the Table directly open; he on a fair Paper, which of purpose he brought with him, indited this ensuing Sonnet:

Earths onely Phœnix, Map of Modesty,
Angel of grace, pure Paragon of praise:
Ah, from your breast now banish cruelty,
That yet in fine, some hope I may eraise.

Fair Saint, bright soveraign of my tender breast,
Sweet Nymph, dear darling of heavens Deity,
How may my Muse with endlesse grief oprest
Display the pourtract of my misery!

Ah sure, my Muse, nor yet Parnassus *train*
Cannot relate my burning hearts desire;
Beceause in Beauties fire I do remain. (stroy.
Fire, which I fear will life and breast de-

Will lovely fire destroy both life and all?
Then welcome death sweet actor of my ease:
Ah on thy sacred influence I call,
Becau se thy tortures best my mind doth please.

Come Death! else, Dear, invest my suit with Love;
With Love which of your self I do implore,
That so your bashfull sweet consent may move
Jove's Deity my life for to restore.

Else minion of my thoughts, fair Saint, farewel,
Farewel my joy, my breasts sweet extasie,

And

And Cupid *to the world now weeping tell,*
That firm and constant to my Nymph I die.

The which having ended, he very zealously kist; and doubting whether she would for that night have occasion to use her Standish, took the Sonnet, and laid it fairly on her milk-white Pillow; where falling on his knees, and praying that his service might be accepted, he *extempore* (as having his Muse bedewed with the Chrystaline water of *Aganippe*) to himself uttered these Verses.

Imperial Cupid! *on whose shrine*
I do present my Passions rage,
And to whose Altar I resign
My faithful love, which I engage
Here on my knees I thee require,
That my Athelia *now may find*
This bashful Sonnet, whose desire
Is to enjoy an answer kind:
And let his sight have perfect leave
Her cruel Breast to mollifie;
That my pretence may once receive
Some sacred sign of amitie.

Which words pronounc'd, he (giving her dainty Chamber a solemn *Conge*) immediately directed his course to the Court; where he was no sooner arrived, but a superbious Page apparelled in crimson, with a lofty resolution, delivered him these prov'd speeches. Sir, Prince *Almion* my master, being certified of the love thou beares the Princesse

Athelia (affecting her beauty more firmly than thy ſelf) proteſteth his Valour thy Rival; and to the intent thou ſhalt know his courageous determination, he hath by me ſent thee this reſolute defiance, which I here deliver thee. The which *Thalmo* opening found to this effect & therein contained:

THou proud Arabian! *Being ly the wind of a true report informed of thy aſpiring affections; and ſeeing thou takeſt the Lady* Athelia, *to be thy Saint, whom the world knoweth I have (with honour) ſo long ſerved: My courage diſdaining to digeſt ſo unpleaſant a diſgrace, hath by vertue thereof ſent thee this defiance, commanding thee, that as thou pretend-ſt thy love to* Athelia *faithfull, thou alone in the Caſtle trench after Dinner (with thy Rapier drawn) meet me, where I will teach thy lewdneſſe to croſſe my Love, and make thee know, that in all things, thou haſt abuſed thy ſuperiour: And ſo expecting thy anſwer, together with thy acceptance, I reſt,*

Thy mortal Foe,
Almion Prince of *Calexis.*

Thalmo wondering to hear ſuch unexpected news, and yet diſdaining to be outbraved by any *Zanfarian Seignior*, boldly by his own Page returned him this anſwer:

VNderſtanding (Almion) *by the tenor of thy defiance that for my Love to* Athelia, *thou proffereſt me Combate; Know that my nature is ſuch, that I diſdain, for her ſake to refuſe any; and ſo in token of acceptance, I here*

I herewith send thee my Gantlet; assuring thee that if I live, I will at the time and place assigned meet thee, To demonstrate that my affection is such to Athelia, *that whilest I live, I will dedicate my love to her Service; and neither thy valour (nor fear of death) shall raise her resemblance out of my memory: and so charging thee not to fail to accomplish thy Promise; I in hope thereof remain,*

Thy profest Enemy,
Thalmo.

The Combat (as you have heard) being appointed, and the houre come, *Thalmo* according to his promise failed not to present himself; where, in stead of meeting his Rival *Almion*, he was (there) very treacherously encountered by a crew of desperate Ruffians, which (of purpose) were there by *Almion* placed in an Ambuscado to destroy him; who seeing th y so fiercely approached him, instantly began to fit himself to defend their fury: where with a magnanimous courage he dealt such gallant blows amongst them, that at first, not able to endure his manhood, they were generally forced to retire: but after stretching their Veins, and redoubling their strength, they very valourously (as being desperate servants) flew upon him, where they so manfully behaved themselves that *Thalmo* not able to withstand their force, was glad to retire, and take the Castle wall for his defence; where he so valiantly behaved himself, that for recompence of their treachery, he made many of them bear the badge of his *Cicilian* Blade: but in fine, their force bearing sway, and their number masterdome, he

unfortunately received many dangerous wounds; from whence such abundance of his Vermil-blood distilled, that finding his body weak, and feeling his senses fail him, thinking there was no way but death, falling to the ground, and gasping as he thought his last, he in memory of his dear *Athelia* breathed out these speeches:

Lo now my blood shall testifie
To sweet Athelia's *amitie,*
How constant Thalmo *did remain,*
When death his life almost did gain.

But now remark how fortune never faileth to assist fidelity! For *Thalmo* had no sooner uttered these his speeches, But Prince *Plivio* being there in a slumber behind a Bank next adjoyning, hearing the name of *Thalmo* repeated, immediately started up; and seeing the Prince his Cousin to be in danger amongst these rageful Ruffians, very suddenly (as having his breast inspired with part of his Associates calamities) stept to his assistance: where making way with his sword, he again lifted him on his feet, and so praying his Cousin to be of courage, stept to his Adversaries, where he distributed such valorous payment amongst them, that in fine they being some fled, and the rest vanquished, he triumphantly remained Conquerour: which no sooner he had finished, but with his best art binding up his Cousins wounds, he immediately conveyed him to a skilful Chyrurgion there next adjoyning, commanding him to dresse him with all care and industry,

dustry; And so recovering a gallant Courser, he speedily posted to the Court, and advertising *Athelia* of these sorrowful news, she thereat (as being in conceit slain) immediately fell to the ground in a trance. *Plivio* seeing the arrival of this unexpected tragical accident, bethought himself what was fittest to be done; and so at last calling his Lunatick senses before the throne of Discretion, he imployed his best diligence for the recovery of the Lady which very soon he effected, praying her to be of good comfort, for that there was no doubt to be made of *Thalmo's* health. The Princesse being therewith a little qualified, for a whiles appeased her self; yet continually weeping to see him suffer such (painful) misery for her sake (and knowing it was her affection which induced him to endure so desperate a hazard) bethinking how to comport her self in so tragical an enterprise, at last (shedding full many a tear in his memory) she resolved by his friend *Plivio* to send him a kind Letter, which as a Preservative-Mediatrix should consolate him in his malady; and so calling for pen and paper she wrote to this effect.

To desolate *THALMO* Salutations.

THalmo! *If thou marvel to see the appearance of this my Letter; why, resolve, it was the news of thy misfortune which hath caused my affection to put pen to paper; the which hath so replenished my senses with sorrow, that I may even right well say, there are almost no words herein contained, but hath been wash'd with a tear, nor no*

yllable but hath been ſaluted with a ſigh. Before mine eyes, me thinks, Paraſius *doth naturally preſent me with the phyſnomy of thy miſfortune; and in the Cloſet of my conceit,* Apelles *proffereth me the Idea of thy aggrivation; which untimely tragical proſpect doth ſo pierce to the profundity of my ſenſes ſorrowful imaginations, that I almoſt melt into tears, in that my obſurd occaſion ſhould be the Adminiſter of thy prejudicial* Accident. *Yet, valorous* Thalmo! *ſince it is none but* Athelia *that is the original Actreſſe of thy misfortune; why, in courteſie, know that to the Confines of my power I will reſearch the means to recompence thy affections with ſuch friendly applauſible amity, as either thou in right canſt with honour aſk, or I in reaſon may with honeſty afford. In which mean time, till experience demonſtrate thee what ardent zeale I have to congratulate thy valorous (and vertuous) affections, I abruptly end, continually upon the Altar of Love ſacrificing many millions of penetential Oraiſons for thy ſpeedy Recovery: And ſo in hope thereof, recommending my ſorrows to your favourable cenſure, I unfaignedly reſt,*

Yours as her own,

ATHELIA.

This Letter being conveyed by *Plivio*, and received of *Thalmo*, did inſtantly infuſe ſuch encouragement to his deſpairful malady, that in few dayes he recovered: And contemplating in his breaſt on the courteous Epiſtle which his deare *Athelia* had ſent him, thought ſhe would (or at leaſt well might) condemn him of impudent ingratitude, if he vouchſafed not to return her a correſpondent Anſwer: whereupon enforcing himſelf to ſit up, he endited this enſuing Letter:

Moſt

MOst fair Athelia, (and therefore fair, because Athelia!) Being fortunately presented with the essence of your (sacred) Epistle, I instantly felt my tosticated senses to be ravished within the Lists of exquisite contentation: But at last in trembling wise unripping the seals, and perusing thereof the sweet Nectar-substance; I not only deemed my Conceits, but likewise my self to be in an extasie, tracing within the divine Eden of Elizium: so as administring that soveraign Antidote to my green wounds, I find the vertue thereof so pleasant, and the nature so delectable, that from a sickly Patient I am become a sound Personage, and from a dead Man in shew a living Saint in substance. Therefore, fair Athelia upon the shrine of Love and altar of your absence, I not only thank thee for the re-establishing of my liberty, but also for the restoring of my life: Which benign (nay blissful) Courtesie, my sense in this world shall be alwais mindfull to requite, and my soule in the Celestial paradise to come, never forgetful, to congratulate. The fervency of my faithful love, and the Idea of your fair perfections, doth bathe my Muse in the streams of distempered contemplations: Therefore what I omit with silence, countervaile with a favourable censure; or let passe unpolished, rectifie with a smiling conceit: So shall my Muse have a meritorious subject to acknowledge your benignity; my self a deserved instance to eternize your courtesie; and both a delectable motive unfainedly to remain

Yours now and ever,

THALMO.

A-

Athelia perceiving by this Letter, that he had for that time made the Bark of his courage double the point of death, being thereof exceedingly glad, could find no rest in the Chaos of her joyful conceits, untill she had fix'd her eyes upon the (desired) Object of his Personage, within whose incirculets remained her chiefest solace: So that at last finding a fit opportunity, when both the King and Queen her Parents were absent, (taking with her onely *Levina*) she hyed her to the Lodge where she was advertised *Thalmo* was resident; and so being by the Lady of the house conducted to his Chamber, she very modestly opening the door, entred. Which *Thalmo* being pensively there alone walking, (having his Arm bound up with a Lavender-scarf, betokening hope) no sooner espied, but he forthwith (as doubting whether waking or in a dream) went and imbraced her: where upon her Coral lips, the sympathy of their affection was of each part so celestially united, that their eyes attractively reflecting piercing aspects upon each others sight, did (as ambassadours of Love) in the Closet of their breast seek to confirm a mutual alliance; the contemplation whereof forced their breath to bereave their tongues of the use of parlying; still at last when an amorous blush had given Conge to the so pleasing encounter, *Athelia* (the tears standing in her eyes) began in this sort:

AH *Thalmo*! The news of thy misfortune hath invited me hither; and therefore marvel not at my unexpected arrival: I am now of purpose com

come to display before thine eys the model of my love, and to make thy sight a prospector of my chast fidelity, which albeit the appearance thereof hath been hitherto hidden under the mask of secresie, yet know (dear *Thalmo*) that thy forcible Vertue hath long since made breach of my maiden affections, and as the *Avant Coureur* of *Cupid*, hath built his Tent in the proudest situation of my amorous breast.

Thalmo having his ears repleated with this blissful news, and perceiving by the fervency of her method, that she spake no more than Love did enduce her; very instantly, as being ravished with overmuch joy, giving her the impression of a second kisse, and softly straining her by her Lily-hand, very kindly returned her this courteous Answer.

AH fair *Athelia!* thy divine speeches hath breathed life in my despairful personage; and likewise caused my breast to triumph over my sickness, which I heretofore conjectured would not onely have conquered my conceits, but also with *Atropos* cut off the vital thread of my life: Therefore welcome sweet *Athelia* to thy sorrowful *Thalmo*; and millions of thanks to gracious Fortune, for inuesting mine Eyes with the sweet Object of your dainty Personage! But gazing on the rarity of your Beauty, whither wander my conceits to erect Trophies in the Air, or Piramids in the Sky, that I forget my self so much, as not to gratifie your Love

Love with reciprocall affection? but pardon me, ſweet *Athelia*, and attribute the defects of my capacity to the diſtempered contemplations of my imbecility; and, *Athelia*, reſolve that I will both now and ever honour you as the immortall Saint of my Fortunacy; adore you as the eternal goddeſſe of my proſperity, and eſteem of you as the ſacred image of my felicity.

Athelia being raviſhed with the ſweet cadence of theſe his ſugar'd ſpeeches, in lieu of his courteſie returned him this kind reply:

WHy Princely *Thalmo*, where there is no offence committed, the excuſe enſueth of cuſtome: therefore thy actions having cleared thee from imputation; fear not, for thy pardon is already granted, in reſpect whereof, advance in Love, and I will proſecute in Affection; proceed in Amity, and I will correſpond in Friendſhip: The which to approve, take here my heart and hand as the ſtedfaſt ſeal of my immortal conſtancy; vowing before the Imperial throne of Heaven, to eſtabliſh onely *Thalmo* as husband within the youthful garden of my tender juvenility.

Thalmo eſteeming himſelf exceeding fortunate, by the receit of this angelical reply, In congratulation of her proteſted Amity, returned her this joyful Anſwer:

The

The gift (sweet Princesse) of your sincere affection, doth with blithe applause, so replenish the influence of my capacity, that in recompence thereof; I vow not onely to dedicate my zealous devotions to the shrine of your bright excellency, but also to finish my terrestial Pilgrimage in enrolling my self a loyal Servant upon the marble-Statue of your maiden contemplations.

Thus with many amorous ceremonies they firmly (each to other) contracted themselves; and in such affectionate sort, that neither the frowns of Fortune, the treachery of time, or the Sugar of insinuation, should either blast the blossome of their flourishing friendship, or once daunt the appearance of their immovable fidelity: and the more deliciously to manifest their merriment, they ratified their resolutions with many heavenly kisses. So that having brought this lovely Couple to a sacred attonement, we will for a whiles leave them to the Paradise of their contemplations; and a little discourse of the strange accidents which befell the Lady *Florina*.

Florina

FLorina (as you have before heard) living very sorrowful in her desolate Castle, was at last by Agenor the King her Father commanded to return to the Court, (all delay to the contrary set apart) wherat being exceedingly discontented (in respect the effecting thereof would prejudice her devotions due to her Dear *Mædor*) she very peremptorily, as being a faithful Amator of his perfection, utterly refused thereunto to condescend; King Agenor her father, being advertised of her stubborn resolution, instantly sent forth Pursevants (perforce) to bring her to the Court; but she being before (by some of the Nobility her friends) therwith acquainted, assummoned her wits to a parley how she might avoid her Fathers indignation: at last, knowing there was no other means for her to escape than to shroud her self under some Peasants Cottage, forgetting both her Princely birth, and flourishing dignity, she instantly maugre all contrary oppositions thereunto, addrest her self, so that reaping an exceeding delight, to see the homely Shepheards lead their milk-white flocks to the fragrant fields, as also, to hear divers quires of harmonious Birds (at the sight of *Titan* to carol forth their madrigals she a long time there remained, as well contented as a Damsel in her estate (oppress with Love) might: till on a day, bearing a Shepheardesse company to the Fields, directly in an evenings edge, as *Phœbus* was flying the Zenith of our Horizon to alight the Antipodes, and silver *Cynthia* began to point out the Pilgrims to their desired rest; as these our two love-

ly females were returning from folding their flocks, *Florina* hiding her self under; the Canopy of a sprouting Fig-tree, drawing out her Pen and Paper (out of her Pocket) in praise of a Country life, indited this ensuing Sonnet.

Court harboureth Pride, whilst Countrey doth retain
Instead thereof most rich humility;
In Countries soyl Love alwayes doth remain,
Whilst Court doth nourish vicious enmity
Ambition still in Court doth pitch his Tent,
And vows even there to make his sole demeure,
Whilst in the Countrey friendly sweet content
Delightfully in Peace doth rest secure.

Which she had no sooner ended, but perusing it again and again, and finding no remembrance of her *Medor* therein circumferenc'd, blaming her capacity for so oblivious an offence, she at last with as much speed as her tormented conceits and trembling hand could afford, in his memory framed these Verses following.

Though fortune 'reave me of thy wished sight,
And crosse my Love perforc 'gainst my desire;
Making my night seem day, and day seem night,
Add yet it both still burn in endlesse fire:
Nay though I flame, yet doth my soul pretend
In honouring thy self my life to end.

Though time detain thee from my troubled eyes,
And shroud my self from off my pale aspects;

Yet

Yet in thy thought my wandring hope relies,
And in thy absence writes loves intellects:
Therefore despight of time thy Princely hue
Shall cause my maiden-Love for to renew.

Though destiny resolve for to compell
My sense for to forget thy memory,
Or think to make my constant breast expell
The sweet resemblance of thine amity:
Yet never shall his power me once constrain
So wavering to my Mædor to remain.

In fine, though fortune, time, and destiny,
Would bend their force to make me leave to love,
Or joyn in league of rageful unity
To cause me to my Mædor faithless prove:
Yet never shall (despight their force) my mynd
To other love than Mædor's be inclin'd.

The Shepheardesse seeing *Florina* had now ended, entreated her to repair home, whereunto she willingly accorded; so along they go; the Shepheardesse being repleated with Country-applause, and fair *Florina* repleniſhed with (distempered) amorous contemplation: but long they tript not o'r the diapred fields, (wherein remark the infidelity of Fortune!) but as they were pleasantly conferring together, they might behold a very young Stripling which hastily drew towards them, who being with running almost out of breath, to the Lady *Florina* uttered these speeches:

Gentle-

GEntlewomen, I am of purpose sent to advertise you, that you instantly hide your selves in some unknown Grove; for that there are arived to our Cottage some four or five Cavaliers, which with diligence seek you, who have very grievously wounded my Father, in respect he concealeth your residence. Therefore delayes set apart, it behoveth you (if you affect your tranquility) to flie: and, beautifull Lady, since the lawes of nature and humanity do bind me generally to aid your Sex, but especially your selfe, I will, if you please; through the Woods and Vineyards conduct you; where I doubt not but you may remaine in most assured peaceful security.

Florina storming to see her Fathers cruelty, and yet rejoycing to behold this Shepheards courtesie, ruminating with her senses which way to wander in this dangerous accident, at last resolved to follow his advice, and so praying the Shepheardesse to accompany her, along they three hie together, directing their course to the Sea-side, which in two days they attain'd without being espied of any: but they were no sooner arived to----a harbour-Town in the Country of------, but they were instantly informed, that there was likewise search made for her apprehension; whereat being almost overcome with wrath, and vanquished with affection, they immediately without entring the Town croft the strand, and tracing upon the borders of the Sea, they at last arrived to a little Creek, where espying an aged Fisher-man in his Cock-boat re-

pairing his Nets; they after having saluted him with a good morrow, askt if he would transport them for pleasure a League on the Sea: the Fisherman demanding what recompence he should have for his pains, well-liking their proffer (and seeing his Boat afloat) thereunto agreed; so with a merry gale, which blew the Saile from the bending Mast, to Sea they went, where delighting to see the aged Father take store of Fish, as also to see the Boat dance lavolta's on the azured Seas; they in such sort deluded the time, till night being come, and then again returned. But before *Florina* resolved to put foot on shore, she to the ancient Fisherman demonstrated her estate, and likewise prayed him (with tears standing in her eyes) to assist her in this her miserable calamity; and for her better assurance to convey her every day on the Sea: the old man pittying her estate, and being authentically instigated by the motives of her liberality, soon to her so reasonable request voluntarily condescended; which course they many dayes observed, with as much joy of *Florina*, as if she had been now triumphing in her former dignity; till at last, Fortune resolving to adde more misery to her calamity, caused her unexpected (and sure unmerited) to fall within the labyrinth of a greater ensuing misfortune; for they so long time daily went to the Sea, till at length, being some two leagues from the shore, they were espied by a Pinace, which ranged close along by the clifts to attrap some purchase, who hoisting their Sails, came directly towards them, and so making speedy way, because the winde began

gan to freſh, did very ſoon cut their Boat from the ſhore, commanding them to the main; which doleful ſentence being to this our weake company ſo dreadfull as the light of the Wolfe to the innocent Lambs, made them almoſt dye with grief to think on their diſaſtrous miſery; but eſpecially *Florina*, from whoſe eyes diſtilled many fountains of pearled tears, which as the perfect meſſengers of ſorrow, did apparantly demonſtrate her inſupportable griefe; but all alas in vain, for there was no remedy to aſſiſt her, nor no undaunted *Alcides* neerhand to reſcue her from their cruelty; but perforce, they were very rigorouſly commanded to come aboard, which with a faint courage and ſorrowfull reſolution they effected, *Florina* being the laſt that entered, whom the Turkiſh Slaves no ſooner beheld, but (reflecting their eyes upon the ſweet object of her angelical beauty) clapping their hands, and throwing up their Caps, they exceedingly rejoyced in that they had gotten ſo ſumptuous a prize, to preſent their *Soldan*: but all this while, the comfortleſſe *Florina* hanging down her head, and diving into diſpair, thought ſhe was now on the ſtage, where the cataſtrophe of her Tragedy ſhould be acted. But the Captaine of this curſed crew (albeit ſeldome ſeen in this our Age) diſcreetly viewing her beautiful Viſage, did from the influence of her conſtant eyes and modeſt aſpect immediately conceive that ſhe was ſome vertuous Damſel, extracted of honourable Parentage; In reſpect whereof he diſcharged the reſt, and retained only perplexed *Florina*, which he commanded to

be intreated with all benigne favour and courteſie poſſible; And to that effect, forſaking his Cabin, he charged his Page therein to lodge her, and to attend her with as great diligence and vigilant curioſity, as his own perſonage: So that *Florina* (to her conſolation) might perceive, that as they entertained her courteouſly, ſo they likewiſe honoured her by never preſuming to deſloure her of her maidenhood (which ſhe a thouſand times eſteemed more deare then her life.) But again, remembring her *Mador*, ſhe would inſtantly weepe, as if his abſent *Idea* had a Regal Prerogative to make her water her Plants: Many bitter ſighs ſhe likewiſe thundered forth to the ſhrine of his Perſonage; and curs'd the unfortunate Fates for inveſting her with this diſaſtrous misfortune: In her contemplation ſhe delectably ruminated upon his flouriſhing perfection; but again pondering upon his abſence, and her own preſent miſery, ſhe would forthwith burſt into publique exclamation, curſing the inhumane Deſtinies for inveſting the Bulwark of her Breaſt with ſuch diſtaſteful aggravation. The which the Captain eſpying, began moſt debonairly to comfort her diſpairful courage, adding moreover with the induſtrious art of his fluent Tongue, that no diſgrace or malefaction ſhould be adminiſtred her, but ſuch chaſte kindneſſe and modeſt courteſie as ſhould every way correſpond with the title of honour. But alas, ſweet *Florina*, not underſtanding his language, could reap no applauſe by the anagram of his ſpeeches; but ſtill moſt bitterly bewailed her misfortune, lying proſtrate in her Cell

of

of misery. Where leaving her with the Captain of the Pinace, which resolved to transport her for *Constantinople*, we will commit her to the favorable occurrent of fortune, and a little treat of *Plivio* and *Merfilva*.

PLIVIO being certainly advertised of his Cousins proceedings, and being made acquainted with the fortunate successe which he had received in his Loves, began instantly to conceive some motion of hope, not doubting but by the means of *Athelia* he might obtain his desired *Merfilva*: Upon the foundation of which hope, apparrelling himself in a white Suit of Sattin, cut out upon black Damask, (whose colour in Blazon display Purity and Sorrow) he hyed himselfe to the Court; where enquiring for *Merfilva*, and being answered, she was in company of the Queen, *Athelia*, and other Ladies hunting in the Forrest, he immediately mounted his Courser, and with a gallant pace posted thither; where he was no sooner arrived, but hearing the shrill cry of the couragious Hounds, and the loud report of the blasting Horns, he thinking the Huntsmen were on the foot of the game, being thereof a desirous spectator, but more zealous to contemplate on the beauty of his Mistresse, he with a devout resolution made his Jennet advance; where traversing the Thickets, we will for a while leave them, and a little treat of the adventures which befell *Merfilva*.

Who, as before you have heard, being in the forrest with the Queene busily hunting, it so chanced that the Deer which they chased escaped from their sight; in respect whereof, the Troops both of Knights and Ladies again dispersed themselves to attrap him; amongst the rest there was present a young Cavalier named *Blithion*, which a long time before burned in love with the Princesse *Merfilva*, and could never reap any fit opportunity to disclose her the secrets of his breasts contemplation, who sought by all means possible to sequester her from the company. At last Dame Fortune (though of *Merfilva* undeserved) determining with her Beauty to administer a treacherous accident, did by her Chamelion-influence cause the harmlesse Princesse to stray from the sight of her Associates, where ranging discontentedly, as if her courage had been already vanquished by dispair, was at last most unfortunately met by this tormented *Blithion*, who being more then exceeding joyful of this (unexpected) news, giving spurs to his horse, and speed to his courage, in a short space overtook her, where with these unchaste speeches he impudently saluted her as followeth:

MOst fair Princesse! I have long since in my conceits endured many millions of perplexed tortures, which the alone sight of your sacred beauty hath engendered in my tormented contemplation: Therefore, fair Lady, since Destiny seemeth so favourable as to present mine eyes with the sweet object of your excellency, I beseech you to grant

grant my affection the Comble of my ardent desire, that is, To let my breast enjoy those heavenly pleasures of your delicate Virginity, the want whereof hath well-neer already acted the accomplishment of my untimely martyrdom.

Merfilva smiling at these his fond speeches, immediately dying the center of her Lily-cheeks with a Vermilion-blush, (being altogether ashamed at his immodest conference) very sharply (as having anger seated in the furrows of her brow) returned him this bitter Answer.

SIR! If thy vicious self had been ever trained up in the School of Vertue, thou wouldest have tempered the Preludium of thy speeches with more discretion, and not so lavishly presumed to salute a chaste Lady in such lewd sort: But seeing thy sottish tongue hath already uttered that which may not be recalled, Know (impudent Villain) that I disdain thy suit, as the utter prejudice of my unspotted Honour, and detest thy selfe as the (pretended) inhumane Actor of my immortal disgrace. Therefore with speed depart, and instantly give a Conge to thy abrupt folly; otherwise I will advertise the King of thy lascivious enterprize, and instigate him authentically to reward thy offence with the deserved execution of thy demerits.

Blithian, nothing dismayed at this thundering Answer, but rather more increasing the flames of his lascivious desire, instantly prosecuted his suit in this sort following:

WHy *Merſilva*, ſtand not ſo much on your points of diſdaine; but rather conſider with your ſelfe, where you now are; for at preſent you are deſtitute from the Court, and exempt of aſſiſtance; ſo that your Virginity and life lyeth in my diſpoſition: and to advertiſe you of my reſolution, I may not be denyed with refuſals, nor deluded with delayes; for deſpight of fortune, I muſt ſatisfie my Love, and now reap the enjoyance of my long defired contentation: therefore conſent to my will, and repleat your tongue with no more coyneſſe, otherwiſe you will inforce me, after poſſeſſed of my pleaſure, to uſe you with ſuch inhumane rigour as my nature would ſcarce proffer to your lovely ſex, much leſſe to you, whom in heart I have ever adored as the divine Image of my breaſts deleſtation.

Merſilva greatly aſtoniſhed at his pretence, began exceedingly to weep, becauſe the ſequel thereof with ſorrow toucht her to the quick; ſtill ſighing and raging, as if the Coffin of her breaſt would immediately rent in ſunder with imminent aggravation, alwaies calling on the goddeſſe *Diana*, whom ſincerely ſhe prayed to revenge her quarrel, and to ſhelter her from the rapine of this imodeſt Knight: but at laſt conſidering that ſilence was a ſhew of conſent; diſdaining ever to ſtain the purity of her fame with deformity, or the Noble diſcent from whence ſhe was extract, with diſgrace; making a muſter of her angry Muſes, in the valley of her cerebroſities indignation, ſhe very reſolutely with an un-

undanted audacity returned him this ſharp Reply.

INhumane Knight, ſince thou wilt not be contented with Reaſon, becauſe reaſonleſs, nor vouchſafe to permit me to depart in patience without blemiſhing mine honour with the ſpot of infamy; know, that rather then I will once conſent to thy laſcivious demand, or ever agree to thy luſtful deſire I will voluntarily be the adminiſter of mine owne untimely martyrdom.

And therewith unſheathing an inameled knife, which ſhe had pending to her golden girdle, (as a ſecond *Lucretia*) with a fatal ſtroke ſhe reſolved to deſtroy her ſelf: but the diviliſh Knight ſuſpecting ſome ſuch accident, very ſoon wreſting the knife from her hand, prevented her purpoſe; the which having done (ſetting hold of the bridle) he immediately alighted her from her horſe, whereat being overcome with fear, ſhe in a dangerous trance fell to the ground, where metamorphiſing her cherry taint to a *Cynthian* complexion, ſhe there lay ſpeechleſſe, as much trembling as an Infant-priſoner hearing the ſentence of death pronounced againſt him; the which to arouſe, *Blithion* ſpake to her in this ſort.

FAire *Merſilva*, 'tis in vain to reſiſt, where there is none to reſcue you, & yet were *Hercules* himſelfe preſent, he ſhould not hinder me of my purpoſe; for my ſenſual ardor cannot be extinguiſhed without accumulating the Roſe of your (divine) Virginity.

Which

Which having ended, *Merſilva* ariſing on her knees moſt ſorrowfully (with fountaines of teares diſtilling down the ſoyls of her Vermillion cheeks) interrupted him in this manner:

AH *Blithion*! pitty the eſtate of an innocent damſel, and rather pierce the Citadel of my Maiden breaſt with thy Rapior, then raviſh me of that which I eſteem far more precious then my life; Erect not, I beſeech thee, thy Trophies of pleaſure in the deſloration of my Virginity, nor build thy golden mountains of ſolace, in depriving the inward treaſure of my unſpotted chaſtity. But here again the doleful confluence of her diſaſtrous tears imbathed her faltring tongue in the Acheron ſtream of ſilence, ſo that the courage of her exteriour audacitie not permitting her to depaint the Phyſnomy of her inward aggravations, ſhe (overvailing the inſtinct of her eyes with the Curtaines of perplexity) lay for a while ſenceleſſe, as if the valour of her conceit had been ſmothered up in the antipathy of diſconſolations; when arouſing her ſorrowfull capacity with the contemplation of imminent fear, ſhe ſuddainly ſtarted up, and moſt inhumanely tore the ſparkling treſſes of her golden haire, wherewith ſtaine Nature had moſt glorioufly imbelliſhed her, which tragical object, might (*Blithion* excepted) have made the moſt bloody inhumane *Scythian* to pitty her eſtate; nay, have cauſed the ſenſeleſſe obdurate Rocks themſelves to weepe, and ſorrowfully to take compaſſion upon the ſpectacle of her miſerable calamity.

But

But *Blithion* not passing for her exclamation, but rather burning with inordinate desire to extenuate the imbers of his unsatiable lust, esteemed every Court-minute a compleat moneth, before (though to her immortal infamy) he had made proof of his superdiabolical enterprize; so that accepting of no Reason for satisfaction, nor accompting of any Imploration for payment, taking her by her trembling hand, he most viciously began to imbrace her. When being on the point to make shipwrack of her Honesty, and to set her Maidenhood to sale, lo thitherward unexpected came *Plivio* galloping amain; the wich *Merfilva* (to her Nectar-comfort) espying, to him very loudly cryed out in this sort: Ah *Plivio!* as thou tenderest my Love, and desirest mine Honour, assist thy distressed *Merfilva*, and revenge the devilish pretence of this unmerciful Tigre with the merited guerdon of condigne punishment!

Plivio perceiving it to be his sweet *Merfilva*, instantly (as being inflamed with revenge) made his Courser more swiftly advance then the Jennets of *Jupiter*: when leaping from his horse, he with his Rapier drawn approaching his thrice mortal Enemy; very furiously uttered these words; Ah wretched Villain! make ready thy sword; for if there were no more men living, thou immediately dyest. Which words he no sooner pronounc'd, but in the twinkling of an eye he lodged his Rapier in his Rivals breast; where receiving his demerit, and falling gasping on the ground, *Plivio* first cut off his perfidious tongue which had so lasciviously pratled

and

and then without prolixity sent his servile soule to the Republique of *Pluto*, to tell *Tereus* and *Tarquine*, that he went neere to commit a lustful Rape.

The which *Mersilva* with fearful joy perceiving, ran to *Plivio*, falling first to his feet, and then again arising imbraced and kist him; when after having given him many volleys of hearty thanks (seconded by many millions of penetential tears) she from point to point recounted him the manner of the Accident; the which when *Plivio* understood, he esteemed himselfe more then exceeding joyfull, in that the Fates appointed him to arrive in so fortunate an hour. And so having comforted his now even comfortlesse *Mersilva*, remounting her on her milk-white Courser, (posting together) resolved to find out the Queen; to whose presence being arrived, sitting with her Ladies like *Venus* with her Nymphs, closely banquetting under the umbrage of Fig-trees, (whose spacious leaves kept them from the power of *Titans* influence) he to them depainted the manner of the Adventure, which mournfull *Mersilva* testified to be of truth, by again on fresh shedding many pearled teares, which (like the clarent Dew on Damask-flowers) destilled on her sorrowful cheeks. Which when the Queen, together with her daugher *Athelia* and the rest of the Ladies understood, they all praising the Almighty, gave likewise incessant thanks to *Plivio* for his undanted magnanimity; and exceedingly rejoyced in that the Princesse *Mersilva* was so fortunately preserved: when rising, they left the Forrest, and instantly returned

turned all to the Court; where they were no sooner arrived, but the Queen immediately made the King her Husband therewith acquainted; Who greatly rejoycing that *Plivio* the Arabian Knight had so valourſly behaved himſelf, did after in conſideration thereof much advance him to honorable Dignities, in ſuch ſort, that both the name of *Thalmo* & *Plivio* (like the Sun of Renown) only flouriſh'd in the Court of *Zanſara*: which adding more hope to *Plivio's* deſired enterpriſe, made him not a little glad of the accidental event of ſuch fortunate fortunacie: For firſt he perceived that the King and Queen much favoured him, The Princeſſe *Athelia* (likewiſe) far the more, in reſpect of her beſt beloved *Thalmo*; And again, he beheld his dear *Merſilva* to reap exceeding contentation in enjoying the Eden of his deſired preſence. Whereupon remaining continually in the Court, he at laſt in tract of time, found *Merſilva* ſolitary in her Cloſet; to whom boldly entering, he very amorouſly ſaluted her in this ſort:

What, fair Merſilva, *all alone! Why, a kiſſe for your thoughts:* To whom inſtantly ſhe replyed, *Not alone* (Plivio) *for my ſelfe and I am together; And for my Conceits, I think on nothing, therefore I conjecture that leſſe then a kiſſe may purchaſe them.*

Plivio almoſt raviſhed with joy to ſee her in ſo pleaſant a humour, thought it now wiſdome to ſtrike the Iron being hot; and ſo by vertue of his ſuppoſed diſcretion, continued his conference in this ſort following:

Why

WHy fair *Merſilva*, leſſe then a kiſſe is in effect nothing; and if I deceive not my thoughts, Maidens will ſcarce content themſelves with the like payment. To whom *Merſilva* again replyed; Ile prove the contrary; For if I fail not, my Muſe tells me, one may kiſſe in conceit. I, but quoth *Plivio*, theſe are ſhews without ſubſtance; for there is difference betwixt pretence and performance: for the one in reaſon is the others contrary, as abſolute as a ſhrewiſh Wife is a quiet Husband. Whereat ſhe very pleaſantly ſmiling, again replyed:

Why Plivio, *you erre from your matter; for Wives and Husbands are not incident to our Theames.* Plivio ſeeing her merrily diſpoſed, framed her this pleaſing anſwer:

Surely, Princeſs *Merſilva*, you herein prove your ſelfe a diſcreet diſputant, in that you have put me in mind (or at leaſt) in the plain path-way of our former purpoſe; for I now remember, a Kiſſe was our ſentence; the which, by your leave, I mean to proſecute.

And ſo imbracing her ſlender waſte, he gave her (Nectar) lips the impreſſion of a dainty kiſſe: whereat ſhe bluſhing, returned him this ſharp anſwer:

Why Plivio, *I little thought you would have proceeded ſo peremtorily; for had I but once thereof deemed, my exalt abſence ſhould have given you a preciſe gain-ſay.* Plivio ſeeing her patience a little moved, thought to countervaile the offence with a courteous anſwer: And ſo encouraging his Muſe with many amorous contemplations, he continued his ſpeech as followeth:

Why

Why Princesse Merfilva, *moved in a manner! or can the fuel of your wrath be so soon illuminated with a blast of Sunshining! had I thought my enterprise would have so soon incur'd your displeasure, I would (assuredly) have prevented that which is now happened.*

Whereunto *Merfilva* answered; Nay, I now see this my kindnesse, which is the occasion of this distastefull accident. Therefore to avoid the like scandall, I pray, as you are come, depart; and being departed, arrive when you are sent for. Whereunto *Plivio* replyed, *Fair* Merfilva, *If the demonstration of my love have ingendred your displeasure, I pray you excuse affection, which was therof the chief occasion: and if you please, for reward of my crime, inflict on me what punishment you think shall be sufficient for the offence.* *Merfilva* hereat again blushed, but in such amorous sort, as it seemed that both love & disdain sat in the modle of her chery cheeks striving for supremacy: yet at last considering she had advanced her speeches so far without his affable merits, & seeing the subject so small wherein she had grounded the foundation of her wrath, she, to avoid the humour of future aggravation, instanely (without bidding Adieu) departed: where poor *Plivio*, oppresst with love, remained so much tormented in thought, as that it seemed he had with the *Greeks* already seen the like of *Capharia*, and so the Barque of his hope was on the point to teare against the flinty-rocks of devouring *Charybdis*: For sometimes he would in her Chamber walk, and with his threat'ning hands menace the gods with revenge, and likewise reproach dissembling *Cupid* for ingratefulnesse; then immo-

immediately ſlumber, and in his drowſie capacity dream of *Merſilva's* cruelty: When riſing, and premeditating upon the Chaos of his amorous contemplations, he would forthwith teare his beard for meritorious anger: In which, or the like fantaſtical humour he ſo long remained, till at laſt *Merſilva* (little thinking of him, or at leaſt of his there being) returned; who aſtoniſhed to ſee *Plivio* there preſent, forgetting her former wrath, askt him merrily, what wind blew him thither? Whereat he ſtriving to aboliſh diſconſolation, (fetching from the concavity of his heart a volley of diſtempered ſighs) very mildly returned her this tractable anſwer:

AH faire *Merſilva!* It is your (alone) cruelty which hath engendred my ſorrows; and only your coyneſſe which hath cauſed my aggravation: For ſince your departure, I have here remained in ſuch diſcontented ſort, as, if you triumph not of my miſery, you would condignly pitty my malady. Therefore delude my ſuite, I beſeech you, no longer with delayes; nor contemn not my love, in laughing to my conſtancy: but reſolve, fair *Merſilva*, that *Plivio* would willingly dye to demonſtrate his fidelity, ſo farre forth as the tragedie of his misfortunes might make *Merſilva* tractable: Therefore, faire Princeſſe, attribute my ſincere love ſome affection, and rejoyce not to martyr him with denyal, which is ready to ſacrifice his life before the ſhrine of your beauteous Deity.

Merſilva

Merſilva perfectly noting with what fervent zeal he pleaded for favour, did inſtantly as being inſpired with affection, return him this applauſible anſwer:

PLivio, thy valour and vertue having combined their charming force in the band of unity, hath long ſince in the Cloſet of my breaſt made way for thy affection, in ſuch amiable ſort, that being conquered by the aſpect of thy bliſful magnanimity, I in all honor (in lieu of thy kindneſſe) remain thy attendant hand-maid: and albeit I have hitherto refrained my tongue in depainting you the fervency of my affection; yet impute it not to the defect of good will, but rather to the ſuperaboundant zeal which I have had, to make proof of thy conſtancy: the event whereof hath fallen out ſo fortunate, that I now from my heart proteſt. I adore onely the eſſential pourtraict of *Plivio*, as the bright morning Star of my dayes felicity.

Plivio well noting the fervency of her affectionate zeal, and perceiving into what ſtrait of love *Cupid* had now brought her; being in conceit half raviſhed with the joyful alarum-bel of this unlooked for news, thinking his tongue deferred to long time in not congratulating her kindneſs with ſome reciprocal courteſie, very familiarly, at laſt, returned her this amiable anſwer.

MOſt divine *Merſilva*! If my tongue could diſcloſe, or my Muſe diſcover the flouriſhing (&

never dying) fidelitie which in heart I have devoted to your sacred self; I should acknowledge my capacity bound to nature for permitting me such good fortune, and account my selfe indebted to art, for enduing me with such blessednesse. But since, sweet *Mersilva*, that the coyner of my deliverance cannot sufficiently stamp the interior characters of my cogitations, nor the discoveror of my secrets enough worthily depaint the Physnomy of my affection: yet *Mersilva* I beseech you believe that I have grounded my constancy upon so sure a foundation, and imprinted my fidelity upon so firm a resolution, that neither the alluring events of prosperity, nor the terrifying threats of misfortune can either extenuate by flattering shews, or extinguish by frowing substance. And whereas I perceive that though long, yet at last you have banished cruelty from your breast, and (imbracing benignity) accepted me for your Servant; know sweet *Mersilva*, that in recompence of your amity, I present you with the Comble of my constancy, and vow that in the Closet of *Plivio's* cogitations *Mersilva* shall onely sit as triumphant governesse, where my affection shall serve her, my fidelity entertain her, my love attend her, and my never wavering constancy pay her the sweet *bien venue* of terrestrial blisfulnesse.

Mersilva understanding his friendly answer, and solacing her sences with the assurance of his affection, tyeing her tongue with the phrase of favour very mildly returned him this sweet answer.

Ah

AH *Plivio!* being hereretofore a prisoner, I am now by the sequel of thy conference set at liberty, and made free from subjection in swallowing down the vitalitie of thy speeches: yet when I remember the estate of King *Samor* my father, I weep, in that I should so unadvitedly bereave him of a daughter; but yet the unity of our love hath linck'd me to thy affection, and in ruminating on thy vertues, I infuse his memory in the twists of oblivion: so that, sweet *Plivio*, condemn me not of disobedience, in being obedient to thy selfe, nor impute not the title of inhumane ignorance to my charge, in respect it is only the image of thy vertue which unites my fancies unto thy affection.

And with that, she from the influence of her eyes rained showers of teares upon the Alablaster soyle of her Lily cheeks, which *Plivio* perceiving, interrupted her in this sort:

WEep not, fair *Merfilva*, but let now the radiant aspect of our amours evacuate the residence of sorrow; let the memory of our tender affections submerge the waves of discontent, and let the novelty of our friendship triumph over insinuating disconsolation. What? resolve it is the gods which seek to sympathize our amity, and fortune her selfe, which delighteth to crown our friendship with contentation; Faire *Merfilva*, dispaire is the path-way to destruction, therefore pluck up your spirits, and let a joyful countenance give sorrow the overthrow; and conjecture not that my acquaintance shall prejudice your estate, or diminish

your dignity, for then were my ſute diſſimulation, and my affections folly; for the purity of my pretence, and the event of time, ſhall informe you the contrary: therefore imprint your reſolutions upon the foundation of hope, and reſolve that *Plivio* will live and dye, only to adore ſweet *Merſilva*, as the divine Image of my felicity, to whom I conſecreate the generality of my devotions.

Merſilva ſweetly pondering upon his firm fidelity, having almoſt her amorous conceits ſmooth'd up in the Liſts of applauſible contemplation, very affectionately returned him this gracious Reply.

WEll *Plivio*, having a confident hope that you will performe no leſſe then you now promiſe, I in conſideration thereof vow, that none but *Plivio* ſhall poſſeſſe my perſon, and only *Plivio* will I account as the delightful *Titan* of my conceits from whoſe radiant brightneſſe I extract the ſplendant Zephyr of my ſoules contentation.

THanks, dear *Merſilva*, quoth *Plivio*; And to correſpond your affection, here take my heart and hand in pledge of my immortal conſtancy, vowing before the Imperial Throne of Heaven, that my ſoule ſhall be firſt diverted into cinders, ere I withdraw my zeal from ſerving and honouring *Merſilva*.

Thus having plighted their troths each to other, they a long time remained ſo lacing their cere bro-

ſities

ſities within the Nectar *Eden* of applauſe; ſo that that the night aproaching, it was more then time for *Plivio* to depart, when taking his Angelicall Saint by the Alabaſter hand, and fixing his aſpects upon the divine mirror of her heavenly beauty, he with a ſighing voyce gave her this freindly farewel:

DEar *Merſilva*, (and therefore dear becauſ *Merſilva*) I muſt now depart and leave thee to the Chaos of thy ruminating contemplations: Therefore ſweet Minion of my breaſt, and Miſtreſſe of my capacity, I will hie me to my Cloſet, and there invent the means for the eſtabliſhing of our future tranquillitie; ſo that till I am again made (triple) fortunate by enjoying the excellency of your divine perſonage, I in all ſympathy of faithfull affection take my ſorrowful Conge.

Merſilva hereat painting her countenance with a Cynthian complexion (the tears ſtanding in her eyes) anſwered him as followeth:

SWeet *Plivio*! as thou tendereſt my love, let thy return be ſhortly, for feare leſt wanting the image of thy perſonage, I immediately dye in contemplating on thy abſent perfection; therefore, at my ſincere requeſt, ſatisfie my ardent expectations and in recompence thereof as I mean to live in thy gracious favour, ſo I reſolve to die in thy vertuous affection. Thus, as the ordinance of their conceits had thundered forth many volleyes of ſighs at their farewel, *Merſilva* (erecting Trophies in her breaſt)

hied her selfe to her Closet; and *Plivio* (framing triumphs in his contemplation) betooke himselfe to converse with his Cousin *Thalmo*, to whom he recounted the event of his fortunate proceedings, and the prosperous conclusions of his amourous enterprises; who being thereof exceedingly satisfied, askt if his Lady were contented to leave the Court and travaile with him? whereunto he answered, that to the same effect he had already motioned; whose reply was, she would follow him in weale and woe, in mirth and misery, in sorrow and sympathy, as far as the confines of the world would permit, or I desire. Why then, quoth *Thalmo*, my *Athelia's* fancies, & *Merfilvas* affections are incident to the Idea of one formosity; and hath vowed no more then *Athelia* could desire to effect. To remaine here were folly, in respect we are absent from our native home; and to acquaint any with the modle of our affections were unfit: Therefore let us with the ingenious Bee return home in safety, and with the skilfull Pilot redirect our course to the Port of our residence: for peradventure, tract of time may disclose the secrets of our pretence, and so the prime of our hopes may be by envie croft in the bloomy blossoms of their maturity, which to avoid (as before I have demonstrated) let us with haste returne, and so through the woods and Forrests convey our Ladies from the sight of any; for if the report of our departure did but arive to the Port of King *Brilons* understanding, doubtlesse he would so rigourously intreate us, and so severely handle us, that perchance

chance our lives, or at leaſt our liberties ſhould remaine as hoſtages for our miſdemeanour.

Plivio attentively liſtening to his Couſins exhortations, and ſounding the depth of his counſel by the profundity of his own conceits; allowed well of the Plot which *Thalmo* had compacted for their retirement; the which, the better to accompliſh, he willed his Couſin to make his *Athelia* therewith acquainted, as he proteſted to do the like to his *Merſilva*, to the end that when the hour of departure ſhould be aſſigned, they might make themſelves readie, and fit ſuch neceſſaries as might be needfull for their journey: upon which reſolution, each departed to his Saint, to whom in the confluence of many amorous terms they dilated their purpoſes, and not only diſcovered the Picture of their noble births, but alſo the Pourtraict of their direct names; the wind of which novelty, they no ſooner underſtood, but being (as it were) ſmooth'd up in the extaſie of many delicious contemplations, (the which ſeemed farre the more pleaſant in reſpect of their innovation) they being compleatly therewith more then divinely contented, to their ſweet demand (after many hearty congratulations) very ſoon condeſcended.

By this time our two young Princes *Plivio* and *Thalmeno*, having apparent proof of each others affectionate reſolutions, and burning with deſire to ſet forwards their enterprites, inſtantly appointed that the next night following (at the out-

ward Gate, betwixt twelve and one) they would attend the thrice happy arrivals of their ſweet Saints; which warning, though ſhort, yet ſeemed ſo ſweet to their Ladies imaginations, that (applauſe building trophies of content in their trembling reſolutions) they very pleaſantly deluded the time in familiar dalliance; till at laſt, the hour (as they thought) being come, and their Princes abſent, metamorphoſing their mirth to melancholineſſe, and their joy to diſcontent, they began to blame them for to much (unmerited) conſtancy; ſometimes condemning them of ingratitude, and then again inſtantly with a ſigh recalling their ſpeeches, fearing leſt the influence thereof might by ſome uncuſtomed accident be tranſported to their favourites underſtanding: ſometimes exclaiming on their own fortunes, in that they ſaw fortune herſelf began to temper the preludium of their loves with diſtaſteful miſſortune. But alas, theſe amorous Ladies were both deceiv'd! for the Dial of their cerebroſities told the hour of aſſignation before the horologe ſounded, and the clock of their conceits ſtruck twelve and one, e're the eſſence of ten, far leſſe eleven, was in election to be finiſhed; yet in ſuch ſorrowful ſort they paſt the time, till at laſt (and not unlookt for) their two Princes arrived, giving a ſhrill hola, which between this amorous troop ſerved for a watchword; the which the Ladies to their delight no ſooner heard, but inſtantly (as underſtanding the ſentence of freedome pronounced to their impriſoned contemplations) giving courage to their thoughts, and

dying their milk-white cheeks with a vermilion bluſh, they in their night-apparel deſcended; the glimpſe of whoſe glorious appearance our two young Princes no ſooner eſpied, but advancing their pace with exquiſite delectation, they went and ſaluted them, where ſo joyfull a meeting of divine ſympathy was betwixt them demonſtrated, that forgetting their ſenſes, and almoſt themſelves, I thought they would for that night have made their amorous demeure upon the Lily incarnate ſoile of their coralline lips; no words could they utter, becauſ their tongues were (by love) devoted to ſilence, and ſuch as paſt, were clamorous volleys of ſorrowfull ſighes, which redoubling each on other, ſtrove which ſhould firſt unite each others heart with the ſympathy of ſuperabundant affection. But in fine, yea, and in the twinckling of an eye they heard in the palace a fierce and terrible noiſe, as if in a manner the whole Court had been in a ſeditious uproare, which repleating their ſenſes with fear, and repleniſhing their conceit with timeroſity, drave them all into a very effeminate humor of exact diſpair; in ſuch ſort, that they knew not how to ſave themſelves, nor where to convey their Majeſtical Ladies from the gurmandizing jaws of ruthful diſtreſſe; till at laſt, *Thalmeno* knowing their eſtate fickle, and perceiving it now ſtood upon him deſperatly to caſt at all, (I mean either to loſe his own life, or his dear *Athelia*, which he eſteemed far more pretious) refetching the courage of his undaunted magnanimity from the confines of feare, and arming the interior lineaments of his valorous

capacity

capacity with animosity, he to his trembling associates pronounced these speeches.

PRince *Palma* it behoveth us now to be frolique, therefore with a martial courage lead forth thy Lady, & if any (though *Hercules* himself) presume to stop thy passage, sheath instantly thy Amazon Bracamard in his perfidious breast, and so without prolixity send his servile soule to the Commonwealth of *Pluto* for a more then meritorious sacrifice: And you illustrious Ladies, fear nothing, for the Physnomy of out persons shall be a sufficient Bulwark for your preservation.

Which said, arme in arme (like *Apollo* and *Diana*) along they go, without finding any to resist them; and seeing the Porter in his Pavilion asleep, very cunningly took from him his keyes of the Palace; when unbolting the outer gate, they without making any noise issued forth, where they were no sooner come, but they found their Pages each with their Jennets attending them: glad of this newes they (taking their Ladies behind them) mounted on horse-back, and so as fast as the Steeds of *Jupiter* galloped through the streets, where in a short time, having past both Town and Suburbs, (the obscure night still seeming to condescend to their pretence) they at last (having cherished their Ladies with many comfortable speeches) began to consider what course to take: So that assuring themselves, the King finding the Princesse lacking, would with all possible celerity make speed for their apprehension, they finally resolved to gallop through the woods and Forests, the better to shelter them from the

sight

ſight of *avant-Coureurs* (if any ſuch there were which preſum'd to follow them) by vertue of which predicted reſolution, they made that night ſuch ſpeedy way, that before the morning (or at leaſt ere golden *Titan* domineered in the ſilver element) they found themſelves very neere twenty leagues from the Court. Now to make any long diſcourſe of the ſorrowes which the Court of *Zanſara* received, or any ample relation of the Troops of magnanimous Knights ſent to ſeek them, I think it needleſs, at leaſt I omit it, becauſe in my capacity my Muſe terms it ſuperfluous. But howſoever, our Troop of lovers were ſo far, that they now knew themſelves out of confines of danger: And therefore to proceed with their future adventures, the next morning as they were ſwiftly riding by a Forreſts ſide, they through the branches (which were apparelled with a Summers veſture) might eſpie a very pleaſant Cottage; which both *Athelia* & *Merſilva* deſirous to enter, requeſted their Princes to alight, and accompany them, who glad in any thing that might procure their Ladies delectation, thereunto condiſcended; ſo leaving their Pages with their Horſes, they enter the Forreſt, directing their courſe to the Cottage; whereto they were no ſooner arrived, but thinking to find ſome ſhepheardeſſe, inſtead thereof beheld a very beautiful young man, (which ſeeming to be overcome with ſorrow, ſhadowed the vivacity of his countenance under the wrinckled mask of a diſcontented viſage) ſitting very ſorrowfully ſlumbering on a verdant banke, having a Book, Pen, Ink and Paper cloſe by him; which

which hearing the ſound of their voyces, rouſing up his ſpirits, came, and in this ſort ſaluted them.

FAir Knights and Ladies! (for ſo by the Phyſnomy of your faces you ſeeme to be) admire not at my ſorrowes, nor wonder not at my diſconſolation; for it is powerful fortune which hath inveſted me with this miſerable calamity: in reſpect whereof, to evacuate his tyranny, and to triumph over his uſurpation, I have here ſolitarily withdrawn my ſelfe into this Grove, of purpoſe to live, though not ſo well contented as I could wiſh, yet ſo well Pleaſed as man in my eſtate may: my Rural Cottage affords no Cates, but poverties; yet as it is, if you pleaſe thereof to accept, I will account my ſelfe moſt fortunate, aſſuring you that what there wanteth, good will ſhall countervaile.

Our Princes and Ladies perceiving the humor of his benignity, and the nature of his kind proffers, thinking their capacities far indebted to his bountifulneſſe, very friendly by the tongue of Prince *Palma*, returned him this amourous anſwer.

KInd Sir, the apparitions of friendſhip which in our travels it hath pleaſed you to afford us, & the diſplays of amity which you have now demonſtrated us, doth ſo make the Idea of our gratulations run into inſtant admire, that we find our ſelves ſo far engaged in the bonds of arreares, as we abſolutely hold our imbecillities ſuch, as our tongues cannot at preſent repay you with a condign recom-

compence for your unmerited courteſie; nevertheleſſe, according to the actions of Reaſon, and rules of amity (albeit a guerdone far inſufficient to countervaile the motives of your benignity) we return you very hearty thanks for your proffered courteſie, aſſuring you that if ever any favourable ſubject preſents, wherein (in honour) we may partly requite your kindneſſe, you ſhall find us generally willing, and ſo willing, as the effects thereof ſhall term us to be no amators of ingratitude, but rather favourers of debonaironeſſe.

Which no ſooner was pronounc'd, but the ſtranger taking the two Ladies by the hands, requeſted them, as alſo the two Princes, to enter his hermitage: where in the beſt manner he could, he preſented them with a dainty collation of dry Figs, Dates, and Apricocks, with other ſuch fruits as the ſoyle of that Country did afford; which being ended, he to ſhew the Ladies the more pleaſure, demanded if they pleaſed to recreate themſelves in the Arbour, whereof being ſurpaſſing joyful, they very willingly agreed; and ſo hand in hand with the Princes the ſtranger ſhewing the way, forth they went, where paſſing through a fragrant Ally beſet with Firtrees they at laſt attain'd the entrance of the garden where they were no ſooner arrived, but the two Princeſſes after having viewed the treaſure of the oderiferous flowers, and peruſed the wealth of the fragrant hearbs, they to avoid the bright ardor of the ſplendent Sun (becauſe a profeſſed enemy to their Angelical beauties) with as much celerity as mo-

modesty could permit, betook themselves to the Bowers, where their beloved Cavaliers with triplicity of divine kisses failed not (chastely) to pay them their courteous welcome: the stranger viewing their amorous familiarity, suddenly wept, as if the object thereof had some Regal prerogative to make him water his plants; in respect whereof, to smooth up his contemplative sorrowes under the Mask of a merry countenance, he instantly hyed him to the Cottage, and returning speedily, brought with him a dainty harmonical Lute; the which after having tuned, (thinking to delight their curiosity with the rurity of his melodious musique) he divinely warbled out a ravishing Lesson, and thereunto contracting his clarent voyce, he sweetly uttered this ensuing Sonnet.

Might I but dye (Ah!) in this mournful state,
Then were my death the Actor of my ease;
For then my death would to the world relate
What Saint was subject to my Breasts disease.

Should death relate (Ah!) no, death must conceale
The dainty Mistresse of my earthly joy.
Live then in peace; yet feare still to reveale
The heavenly Actresse of thy Hearts annoy.

Ah! Yet not actresse of thy endlesse paine,
But the sweet Angel of thy Breasts desire;
Therefore with Love immortally remaine,
Within the jewel of her beauties fire.

No sooner had he ended his Sonnet, but he instantly

ſtantly began afreſh to weepe, and ſo determining to aſſwage his ſorrowes (vailing his Bonnet) he preſently departed, walking aloofe from them in a faire Summer-houſe; the which our amorous troop perceiving, began immediately to conjecture that he was in love with ſome cruel Lady, and ſo her rigorous repulſe was the motive of his diſtempered paſſion; whereat, weighing his grief by their own malady, and his diſconſolation by their own ſickneſſe, they all bewailed hi (tragical) misfortune, & pittied the accident of his diſaſtefull calamity; lamenting that ever their arrival was the occaſion to refreſh his (amorous) uncured wound, and ſorrowing that their preſence in his capacity ingendered prejudicial contemplation. Yet at laſt to bring with *Ariadnes* thred our hiſtory out the Garden, *Athelia* and *Merſilva* roſe up, determining to depart; which *Thalmeno* and *Palma* no ſooner perceived, but they immediately hyed them to the knots, to gather each for his Miſtreſſe a dainty Noſegay, whoſe beauty, ſcent and ſavour might beſt delight the humour of their fancies; the which *Athelia* & *Merſilva* remarking, began once more to make the round of the Garden, and ſo as fortune would, paſſing along by a ſtately Pyne-tree, they upon the Barke thereof might eſpie the Characters of ſome Verſes to be very curiouſly incarved, which deſirous to ſee, thereunto approaching, found this or the like fancie therein contained.

Firſt Fiſh ſhall flie within the Element,
And Aiery-Birds live in the Ocean Sea,

Fair

Fair Phœbus *shall forsake the Firmament,*
And scorn to grace the cincture of the Day;
Thetis *shall Wander o're proud* Altas *top,*
And Nilus *cease to water Egypts land;*
The Earth into the Skies shall fountains drop,
And Neptune's *Face refuse to kisse the strand:*
All Ships shall saile upon the massie main,
And Ætna *frieze at splendor of the Sun;*
Dame Cytherea *quite shall lose her tram,*
And Elepants like Clouds in aire shall run:
Lebanus-*Cedars shall like thistles spring,*
And Hysop-tops aspire unto the skie;
From Thule *to* Gange *the Dormouse voice shall ring,*
And Gnats shall drink all Brooks and Rivers dry,
Before th' Idea of Florina's *sight*
Shall once have power from me to take his flight.

Which Sonnet perusing, and pondering what this Lady therein mentioned might be; They immediately went, and thereof advertised *Thalmeno* & *Palma*, who not a little admiring to see the name of *Florina* there charactered, began to conjecture that he might be Prince *Mador*: in respect whereof to satisfie their ardent desire, they with their Ladies went towards him, where being entered the Bowe, *Thalmeno* boorded him as followeth.

PAssionate Gentleman! for so your gracious (yet sorrowful) aspect induceth me to terme you: I beseech you in friendship to certifie me whether you are acquainted with the Princesse *Florina* Daughter unto the King of *Numidia*; and

also

also whether you know Prince *Madors* Son unto the King of *Biasard*?

The stranger no sooner heard pronoun'd the sacred Name of *Florina*, but he instantly as being conquered with too many divine cogitation, (in fainting sort) fell to the ground; when closing his eyes, one would have thought he resolved as then to take his last definitive Conge of this Caitiff-world. The which our amorous Crew no sooner beheld, but (pittying this sorrowful accident) they so imployed their best skill for his assistance, that in short time he recovered; and elevating himselfe upon his (as yet) weak legs; banishing silence from his faltring tongue, he in sighing sort breathed out these speeches:

AH *Florina*! whose Nectar-name infuseth vitality to my weak senses; *And so fetching a deep sigh, again continued as followeth.* Know (courteous Knights, and beautiful Ladies) that I have been acquainted with the Princesse *Florina*; and to be plaine, am that unfortunate *Mador* which you enquire for: Unfortunate *Mador*, I may well say, in being absent from *Florina*, the memory of whose divine beauty hath this forty moneths beene the goddesse of my devotions. Therefore, gracious Knights, if you know any news of the aforesaid Princesse, I beseech you in kindnesse to make my breast therewith acquainted; and to congratulate your courtesies: I will in lieu thereof remaine your affectionate Servant.

The which speech he had no sooner uttered, but Prince *Thalmeno* thinking it more then time to administer some soveraign dictamnum to his tormented Patient, instantly returned him this applausible Reply.

THen know, Prince *Medor*, that I am *Thalmeno* Son and heire to *Druino* King of *Cicilia*, and this prince my cousin, Son to---King of *Egypt*; who some two years since, resolving to travel, having united our resolutions with the league of amity, departed from my Fathers Court, directing our course to overview *Africa*, and so landing at---- and journying three dayes alone, being destitute of a guide, and unskilful of the Country, by misfortune strayed into an unknown desart; but fortune willing to intermix our bitter sorrowes with some delicious pleasures, conducted us fortunately to a beautiful Castle, which entering, we found the princesse *Florina* thereof the desolate inhabitant, who having forsaken her Fathers Court, vowed there to remaine until the joyful return of your princely self; therefore valorous *Medor*, if you please to accompany us, we are bound for *Cicilia*, and immediately upon our arrivals, God willing, we will conduct you to the melancholy place of her solitary retirement.

Medor having his capacity repleated with the Zephyr wind of this fortunate newes, very kindly (accepting of their proffer) past his word to accompany them; nay, and with so cheerful a counte-

countenance, that in his dead conceit it ſeemed the abſent Idea of *Florina* had infuſed exact vitality; but at laſt fixing his humane eyes upon the ſweet object of the Ladies beautie, and ſo pondering upon the rarity of his ſweet *Florina*, he boldly demanded of *Thalmeno* what thoſe Ladies were, and what private occaſion induced them to travel? who relating him from point to point the hiſtory of their amorous proceedings, and advertiſing him likewiſe how they were deſirous to be tranſported for *Cicilia*, he thereupon after having ſaluted them with a Princely grace, and made his fluent tongue by an eloquent Oration diſplay the dexterity of his ingenious capacity, very voluntarily proffered through the Vineyards and Champion Country to conduct them to the Sea-ſide; for quoth he, *I have travelled theſe parts, and know the direct courſe to* Golpho-Del-Rey, *where I once Landed*. Our Amorous Troope being divinely pleaſed with this applauſible newes, very inſtantly prepared to depart, where they were no ſooner arrived, but *Medor* very fortunately met with a ſhip of warre of *Madagaſcar*, which belonging to Duke *Alphonſo* his Uncle, was by tempeſtuous weather and contrary winds forced there to take harbor; glad of this unexpected newes, and triumphing in that they ſaw fortune ſo ſmilingly aſſiſt their fidelities, they forthwith ſwapt a bargain with the Maſter to tranſport them, and ſo a favourable wind cleering them from the coaſt, in a ſweet ſympathy of heavenly amity, hence they ſaile for *Cicilia*, where on the Sea they ſo long remained, that after many tempeſtuous ſtorms, having

paſt the Iſles of *Fenando*, the Bay of St. *Anne*, the Coaſt of *Guenbie*, Cape *Verd*, and the Iſles of *Teneriffa*, they at laſt ſafely attained *Gibraltar* the entrance oft he Mediteranean ſtraights; & ſo with joy keeping on their courſe for the deſired Iſland of *Cecilia* being oppoſite of *Marſeilis*, they were towards the night, at the appearance of *Cynthia*, very quietly becalm'd, in ſuch ſort that their ſhip made no way, but onely floated upon the face of *Neptune*, according as the ſlackneſſe of the current drave her: ſo that at laſt keeping good watch, as the third glaſs was in election to be finiſhed, the Mr. in his Ruſſet Cap, walking aloft upon the Spare-deck, very apparently heard the noyſe of Oares plowing in the Intraile of *Thetis*; whereat aſtoniſhed, reſolving to prevent the worſt, he mounted the main ſhrowd, directing ſtill his linced eyes, by his attentive care: ſo long till at laſt (right a-head in their Fore-foot) he might eſpie a very ſtout Galley, uſing all poſſible ſpeed with Oares and Sayles, ſwiftly made towards them; at which unlookt for accident (with a magnanimous courage) rouling his ſpirits, he with his ſilver Whiſtle thundered forth a freſh alarum, whereat the whole Troop of Sea-ſtriplings (as if they had been at unawares ſurprized) with a gallant courage (quitting their courſe pavilions) mounted the upper Deck, admiring exceedingly what this unaccuſtomed accident meant; the which no ſooner they had done, but the Mr. ſhewing them the cauſe, and they ſeeing the ſubject before their eyes, very inſtantly with heroicall reſolution fetched forth their Muskets, and provided all things which might be any way needful for a com-

bat; amongst the rest the Mr. Gunner burning with desire to approve some experience of his praisworthy Art, requested the Captain that he might make some shot or two towards them; whereat condiscending, a couple of Demi-Culverings (which lay directly forth in the Prow) were immediately provided, whereunto giving fire (all the company saying Amen) forth went the shot, with a divilish fury; which being well aimed, so happily arrived to the desired mark, that it not only made a massacre amongst the miserable slaves, but also at so suddain a motione made the Commanders themselves tremble, in such sort, that finding their welcom not so pleasant as they expected, in went their Ores, down their Sailes, each betook themselves to their guard, not once presuming to approach more neer till the morning; which our Master no sooner perceived, but knowing that they would linger till the next day, having appointed each his place, and in his absence given the chief Commanders thereof the obstrict charge, down goes he to the Cabine to comfort our almost comfortlesse troop of Lovers, who alas, lay in a meere exact humor of dispaire; For they no sooner heard the thundering report of the Cast-peece, but they generally resolved it came from some neere-harbouring enemy: There might you have seene *Thalmeno* morn, to see his *Athelia* lament; *Palma* sigh, to see his *Merstva* shed teares, & *Mador* weep, to see them all so disconsolate: there might you have heard *Athelia* almost sighed out her heart, thinking to lose her *Thalmeno*; have seen *Merstva* on the point to melt into tears, to depart from

her *Palme*, have perceived *Mador* afresh with threats to menace the gods for the losse of his *Florina*; And in fine, to have seen all to exclaim of their miseries, in that the fatal Atropos of misfortune began so soon to cut the thred of their future contentation. Which the Mr. perceiving, having his breast penetrated with the clangor of their dolorous exclamations, very froliquely in the best sort he could, bade them be all of good cheere, adding moreover that there was no fear in the matter, for that he doubted not but in the morning to remain conquerour; whereupon our three couragious Princes fell afresh to comfort their two sorrowful Ladies, within the influence of whose eyes for that night *Morpheus* could receive no entertainment; for diving into the conceit of the masters speeches, and conjecturing they should the next morning enjoy a hot breakfast, they began to doubt of their own safeties, and to imagine what bloudy stratagem might befall their Princely favourites, the which again and again imprinting within the Cabinet of their memories cerebrosity, they could not refrain from bewatering their Damask cheeks with chrystalline tears which distilled from the conduit of their sorrowful eyes: the which our Princes perceiving, and seeing that no perswasive arguments or soliciting intreaties might prevaile, or once evaporat their sighs with the wind of courage, knowing that it now stood upon them (in so dangerous a cause) to demonstrate their valour, as well to prevent their own captivity from the Pyrats, as also to free their Ladies, within whose breasts their,

their affectionate loves, nay lives lay imprisoned) very resolutely without taking leave, departed the Cabin, & so thrust themselves amongst the souldiers and mariners, which were already infusing of audacity to their valour, and of valour to their resolutions; whom most couragiously they amated with such undanted applausible exhortations, that immediately the souldiers, generally protested to sacrifice their lives for the establishing of their tranquilities. So that when the limits of night was expired, and that the dawn drew near, Aurora in her silver apparel no sooner began to look through the Casements of heaven, but our masters and Princes so ordered the matter, that their flags and streamers were abroad playing with the wind, their Ordnance and Muskets arang'd and laden, their waste-cloaths unlooosed, their Nettings laced up, their Yards sling'd, their Companies divided, their Linstocks lighted, the Master upon the poop with his silver Sword to whease them to the Lee-ward, and the Trumpets ready at a beck to sound the first onset: On the contrary part, the Gally dighted her self in the pride of her warlike jollity, and with a valorous resolution came towards them, making such terrible clamors and out-cries, as if they meant to affright *Jupiter* himself in the cittadel of his impregnable monarchie: when instantly, the wind begining to fresh, our Master by the condesent of the three Princes edged very neare; and so being come within Cannon shot, brought themselves by their short sails, resolving to attend her comming, and with honour to fight it out; the which the Galley-

Slaves espying, began to cry *victoria*, conjecturing that they had already yeelded: but alas, they were deceived of their hope; for thinking to board them, the Ship in a moment powred in their smal shot as thick as hail, and therewithall let fly her whole broad-side, which in the Galley made such a rattling thunder, that their sails, penets, yea hatches and all began (superbiously) to band with the sky; there might you have seen some dangerously wounded, which lay gasping their last; some already slain, imbruing themselves in their fellows blood; and some, whose heads flying from their bodies went to advertise their friends of their woful Tragedies. Whereat the Captain and Commanders of the Galley fuming with rage, in that so unexpected they received such hot entertainment, disdaining to dye in their debts, bade their Gunners give fire, where betwixt them was so furious a Combat, that it was hard to judge on which side victory would encline: But leaving the event thereof, to the inconstancy of Fortune, wewill a little erre from the fight, and take a second survey of our Ladies lamentations, who being destitute of their Lovers, and looking every minute for unmerited death, making their eyes gush forth fountains of tears, and their Breasts volley forth millions of sighes, for sorrow tearing their gorgeous apparrel, and the tresses of their tanslucent hair, lay imbathing their conceits in the flood of dispair, as comfortlesse as innocent Lambs in the paw of the Lyon: their tongues could utter no speech, but the name of their Princes, whereupon continually

ly ruminating, they infused their courage within the labyrinth of perplexity. Ah, quoth *Athelia*, would my breast might be a Bulwark for *Thalmo's* preservation! and quoth *Merfilva*, would my body might be a countermure for *Palma's* safety! else, quoth *Athelia*, I might die in *Thalmeni's* arme, to demonstrate my constancy! or quoth *Merfilva*, I end my daies at *Palma's* feet, to manifest my fidelity In which doleful manner, they mournfully remained, as if *Thanatos* had already assummon'd their senses to pay nature her due.

But again to our Combatants; who eagerly seeking, did so valorously behave themselves, that it was impossible yet to judge, which side Fortune did most favour. But to conclude: as time gives a full period to all terrestrical accidents; when the fatall day was almost finished, wherein many had their lives catostrohies most famously signed with the signet of death, the Galley most dangerously (betweeen wind and water) received despairful shot, in such pittiful manner, that they all within board made a pittiful cry: the which our Princes understanding, instantly conceived some hope of victory; whereupon they afresh let fly their roaring Canon, whose fiery bullets wrapt in terrour, made such spacious breaches in the side of the Galley, that they seeing no apparition of hope whereon to rely amaisting their saile, immediately yeelded, rendring themselves to the mercy of their mortal enemies: the which our Princes an company perceiving, for sudden joy shouted amain, triumphing in the conquest of so famous a Victory; when instantly

ſtantly they hoiſted out their Shallop to avoid the prize: but now when ſhe was repleniſhed ſufficiently with men and munition, if any repulſe peradventure ſhould have been offered, our Princes were in a difficult difference which of themſelves ſhould therein go Commander. *Thalmeno* he willingly offered his ſervice, and *Palma* he vowed not to ſtay behinde; but princely *Medor*, whoſe magnanimous breaſt did likewiſe inharbour a *Hectors* courage, ſeeing his aſſociates in contention, which ſhould firſt be admitted, ſtept in and furiouſly proteſted that they ſhould both ſtay with their Laides, and he only would go Maſter of the Ships: they likewiſe hearing of his voluntary reſolution, allowed beſt of his reaſon, and ſo gave ſentence he ſhould. Whereupon with a noiſe of harmonical trumpets, away goes *Medor*, and down goes *Thalmeno* and *Palma* to the Cabin. Their even now comfortleſſe Ladies, being by the Herauld of report adverti-ſed of the victory, came reciprocally to imbrace them with congratulation of their undaunted magnanimities, where ſo joyfull a meeting was betwixt them demonſtrated, that their conceits which right then ſwimmed in the Ocean of diſpair, did now float upon the bliſful waves of pleaſant delectation; for their Cynthian complexions were metamorphoſed to cherry countenances; and their mournfull eyes which were almoſt ſubmerg'd with briniſh teares, did now reflect their beams of ſplendent vivacity, as glorious *Phebe* being free from the cloudy priſon of ſable obſcurity, each joyfully joyed in each others preſence; either reap'd more

then

then exquisite applause, and (in fine) all received such delectable contentation, that to be plain, my abrupt pen can no way display thereof the exquisiteneſſe, becauſe my peeviſh capacity was never acquainted with the labyrinth of the like amorous encounters. In reſpect whereof, leaving their ſecreſie to themſelves, and the cenſure thereof to the illuſtrious Readers, I will make a brief apoſtrophie from their melodious parling, and a little entreat of Prince *Medors* proceedings; who by this time being neer the Gally, at laſt very reſolutely entered his men without finding any to reſiſt them, who ſeeing they were all hidden, by ſound of trumpet commanded them to make their appearance: when immediatly in trembling ſort, out came the priſoners, who ſeeing their enemies with their ſwords drawn in their hands, inſtantly fell on their faces, deſiring pardon; upon whoſe ſubmiſſive proſtration, *Medor* commanded his Souldiers, that upon pain of death none ſhould hurt them, either in body or goods; the which the Captain underſtanding (conceiving ſome hope of his liberty) very ſorrowfully came forth, deſiring his life, which benigne Prince *Medor* inſtantly granted: Whereupon after he had informed him from whence the Gally was, & to whom he appertained, he to *Medor* continued his ſpeech, as followeth: Albeit it greiveth my Valour (couragious Knight) to be conquered by any; yet ſince my fortune muſt needs (becauſe predeſtinated) endure the frowne of Bellona, I again rejoyce in that it was my bliſfulnes to become tributary to ſo benigne

nigne a Commander, therefore kind Knight, in respect that with such heroical voluntarinesse you have afforded us our lives, Know that within this next adjoyning Cabine, there is resident a vertuous Lady, whom fortune hath predestinated to be our prisoner: Her parentage I know not; but if outward gestures may depaint inward qualities, I presume she is some Lady of noble decent; her behaviour (though in adversity) is such, that as she carrieth her perplexity with amodest countenance, so she disdaineth to render her self tributary to the infidelity of Fortune.

Mador no sooner understood this (unexpected) newes, but burning with desire to know what this Lady might be; very friendly commanded the Captain to bring him to her presence; where he was no sooner ariv'd, but he might perceive this doleful Lady as it were imbathing her self in the stream of her tears; having prostrated her person one the floore, and overvailed her Visage with an obscure skarf, lying as it were in a Cyatical Lethargie, thinking that the first that entered was the Harbinger of death, or to be plain, the inhumane administer of her untimely martyrdome: but lo, it fell out otherwise; for when she thought he was lodging his Rapier in the cytadel of her innocent breast, why even then he took seisure of her lily hand, and with an amiable voice uttered these speeches.

Arise,

Arise fair Lady; for your life and liberty is granted you! Whereat very instantly, as being acquainted with the voice, she with a commendable grace started up; and perceiving (as indeed she thought) that it was her Princely *Madon* which pronounc'd that melodious sentence; at the hearing thereof, as being ravished with too many divine cogitations, in a dangerous swound she fell to his feet. *Madon* perceiving this tragicall unexpected accident, having his heart penetrated with the Chaos of passionate fancies, failed not to imploy his best endeavour for her recovery; and so thinking to elevate her on her feeble leggs, by chance ruffling the Scarf from her beautiful visage, perceived it to be his (gracious) *Florina*; whereat arousing the sincerity of his eyes, and the vivacity of his contemplations, and making his doubtfull conceits run to the confines of astonishment, he at first preambulated with his curiosity, whether it were she which so well resembled the physnomie of her beauty; but lastly having diligently sent the influence of his aspects to make surview of her personage, and finding her to be essentially his unlook't for *Florina*, with a trembleing resolution advancing his space, he with outspread arms most amorously went and imbraced her; where so delightfull a meeting was betwixt them demonstrated, that me thought from so pleasing a solace it was meer sacriledge to separate them: For if *Madon* outwardly rejoyced to possesse his affectionate *Florina*, *Florina* reciprocally in heart smiled to enioy the presence of her heroical *Madon*. Both sent fort disconsolate sighes in wit-

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neſſe of their undaunted loves; and faire *Florina* having her conceits toſticated with too many applauſible imaginations, could not (being tranſported with affection) refrain from bewatering the crimſon roſes of her angelical viſage with many pearled teares, which deſcended the ſoile of her alabaſter cheeks. But in fine, *Medor* giving courage to his faltering tongue, thought to incampe the vantguard of his ſpeeches; but again reflecting his partial aſpects upon the divine object of *Florina's* beauty, he ſo found his conceits devoted to ſilence, that the review of her chery-countenance ſmoothing up his ſenſes in an extaſie of contentation, forced him inſtantly to fall into a deſpairful trance; the which ſorrowful *Florina* perceiving, melting as it were into teares for imminent aggravation, with her Lily-fingers began to corroborate the organs of his temples, ſo that the Nectar-balm of her ſoveraign breath infuſing vitality to his ſickly ſenſes, made him again refetch his accuſtmed corrage, when inviting his wandering tongue to diſplay the ſecrets of his wavering capacity, taking *Florina* by the alabaſter-hand, he from the profundity of his conceits, and cabinet of his affections, pronounced her theſe ſpeeches following.

AH faire *Florina!* if I might finiſh the period of my dayes in the cincture of thy embracements, or now ſacrifice the remainder of my life before the aſpect of thy divine deity, I ſhould not only account my ſelf favoured of the Sts. in affor-

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ing me such good fortune, but also esteem my enterprises more then blisful, in being ratified by the Synod of the gods themselves: but sweet *Florina*, (and therefore sweet because *Florina*) since the angelical map of thy personage, and the sacred Zephir of thy Nectar speeches have so freed me from the chains of bondage, and unlooſed me from the fetters of despair, that now before the shrine of your beauteous benignity, fair Mistresse of my thoughts, and goddesse of my conceits! I present you with the gift of my service, the donation of my constantie, & the consecration of my fidelity, assuring you that as I have long since remained in the prison of your celestiall beauty, so I resolve to dye in being accounted your ever faithful (and never wavering) Servant to the end; that when the fatal sisters determine to finish the catastrophe of my dayes, unpartial *Charon* may testifie that in the Elizian plains, my penetential soul onely vowed to adore the beautiful image of *Florina*, as the bright *Cynosure* of eternal comfort, to whom I dedicated the generality of my terrestrial devotions.

Which heavenly speeches *Florina* no sooner understood, but over-shadowing the center of her lily cheeks with the damask canopy of a crimson vail; having imbathed the Imps of her tender capacity in the stream of Love, and the conceits of her maiden resolutions in the flood of affection, being as it were in a very delectable extasie (albeit sudden conceited joys made her senses, yea self to tremble) she in her Ivory hand taking her snow-white handkerchif,

kerchiff, and evacuating the pearled teares from her chrystalline countenance, with a lovely (yet sorrowful) voice, she returned him this pleasant reply:

AH Princely *Mador*! If my capacity were acquainted with that friendly god which ratified thy freedome, or with that favourable Saint which reconducted thee to thy presence: my sincere congratulation should before their sight display with what faithful constancy I attended thy coming, and now with what simpathy of entire amity, I honour thy arrivall: therefore welcome, (nay more then welcome) sweet *Mador* to thy sorrowfull *Florina*, and millions of thanks to gracious *Mars*, for investing me captive to so fortunate a conquerour: fortunate I may well say, because in the essence of thy personage, my absolute (nay onely (solace lay imprisoned; and if more may be, more then fortunate, in being by the enjoyance of thy prospect deprived from the residence of my accustomable disconsolations. Ah deare *Mador*, since thy sorrowfull departure, I have lived most comfortlesse; yet in enjoying the felicity of thy visage, I now wreath up the memory of aggravation in the cinders of oblivion; love (yea love) because invincible affection hath so captivated my conceits, and conquered my senses, that onely I now live to serve sweet *Mador*; and maugre the effects of Fortune, resolve to dye in the amorous league of his desired friendship.

Mador

Mador pondering upon this kind answer, and perceiving his conceits were exceedingly obliged to her courtesie, straining her most affectionately by her Lily fingers, and binding his partial aspects upon the Temple soyle of her Ivory incarnate visage, imbracing her again within his lovely (nay more then lovely, because most faithful) armes, he from the concavity of his joyful breast, shaped her this friendly answer.

AH dear *Florina*! whose lively sight insuseth vitality to my dead senses; banish now from thy breast the memory of sorrow, and let only the motives of contentation flourish in the Commonwealth of thy conceits; for now before the shrine of thy sacred selfe, upon the Altar of fidelity, *Mador* presents thee with so compleat a portion of undaunted friendship, as you any way can desire, or the gods themselves distribute: And sweet *Florina*, since by fortune it so falleth out, that now contrary to my expectation you are made my blisful prisoner, know Mistresse of my imaginations, and Angel of my delights, that in most honourable company I am bound for *Cicilia*, where as soone as *Æolus* and *Neptune* shall set me ashore, I will most willingly, if you please, solemnize the Rites of our Nuptials with the contract of Marriage, and ratifie my beautiful *Florina* to be the sole and supreme Empresse of my breasts expectation.

Florina no sooner understood the harmonious Etymologie of these sacred speeches, but in her

breast & capacity sweetly ruminating upon the sugred Cadenca of their delectable interpretation, assummoning her Maiden senses in the field of affection, she instantly returned him this kind answer.

THink not, sweet *Medor*, that having long since devoted my self thy hand-maid, I wil now repent me of my enterprise, and so frustrate thy expectations in the Autumn of their hopes, but rather I pray resolve (at least if my prayers may gain acceptance in the front of your amity) that *Florina* esteems the scale of our Nuptials to be the preamble of her fortunacy, and the uniting of our affections the very quintessence of her felicity; therefore I beseech you delay no time, but rather advance thy enterprise, to the end that *Medor* receiving the chief solace of his breast, *Florina* may reciprocally enjoy the desired Prince of her immortal delectation.

Medor infusing her applausible resolution within the affectionate profundity of his competent censure, having his breast penetrated with more exquisite amity then he ever thought *Venus* presented to her wanton *Adonis*, or *Dido* to her wavering *Æneas*, sending again the influence of his aspects to ratifie a mutuall combination with her Angelical beauty, he kindly imbracing her slender waste, and courteously giving her corall lips the impresse of a Nectar kisse, with a gracious familiar resolution, framed her this amorous answer.

Why

WHy then, my faire *Florina*, make ready for your departure; to the end that I may advertise my Princely Associats of our blisfulnesse, and so prosecute our voyage to *Cicilia*. *To* Cicilia! *quoth* Florina: and therewithall the pearled teares trickled down her Vermilion cheeks; which *Medor* perceiving, and admiring at her suddain sorowfulnes, couragiously demanded her the occasion of her disconsolation. *Oh!* quoth *Florina*, *since I first heard you repeat the name of* Cicilia, *my present woes doth afresh put me in mind of my forepast miseries: for, lovely* Mædor, *having for thy sake sequestred my selfe from all company, and built up my residence in a desolate Castle, thereunto unexpectedly arrived two forraigne Knights from* Cicilia, *who in reward of some small benignity I afforded them, protested very solemnly to research thee out (at lest if the confines of* Africa *did contain thy personage.*) Well quoth *Medor*, & have you not since heard of their adventurous proceedings? *No*, replyed *Florina*, *whereat I much sorrow, in respect they were amators of my passions, & favourites of thy affections.* Thus with most pleasant pratle in amorous dalliance they deluded the time, till at last Prince *Medor* shaking himself out of his delicious dumps, and arousing his senses from their amorous plandity, very secretly in his breast stamp'd this resolution; Why *Medor*, are thy humane affections so devoted to love, that now in entertaining *Cupid*, thou givest *Mars* a farewel, or in courting *Cytherea*, thou leavest *Bellona* desolate? what, hath the faire aspects of *Florina* (with *Circes*) so charm'd the fuel of thy desire, that in contemplating on her beauty, thou

intombest thy military actions in the shrine of oblivion? No, no, *Medor*: Affections are but fancies, and love doth best resemble the flowers of *Syria*, which no sooner flourish with the splendantnesse of *Titan*, but fade with the obscurity of *Cynthia*: therefore let passionate fictions give place to fame, and let amorous conceits stoop to magnanimity.

Which aspiring speeches he no sooner pronounced, but instantly his fair *Florina*, in the jollity of her best attire, rusht from out her Cabinet; at the sudden sight whereof, forgetting his former inhuman conclusions, and now devoting his future oraisons to the Altar of her excellency, having lost his Martial courage in the Physnomy of her effeminate countenance, and drowned the motives of War in the chrystalline Vermilion of her beauty, he resolved to direct his pace towards her; but she perceiving his presence, determined to prevent his purpose, and so meeting him halfe waies, delivered him this lovely salutation.

COme sweet *Medor*, let us here-hence depart, and crown our miseries with the triumphs of content; Fortune you know is variable, therefore let slip no time (in effecting our Nuptials) while opportunity doth present; Only this before we depart, I intreat you that these miserable slaves by your conquering valour made captives, may (without prejudice of their substance or selves) have free permission to depart safely.

Prince

Prince *Mador* well liking her benign nature, and commending her capacity for projecting so charitable a vertue, very willingly thereunto condiscended, and so taking conge of his prisoners, and commanding his Shallops to be made ready, (imbracing his goddesse *Florina* in his Princely arms) with his noise of clarent Trumpets most cheerfully departed; but long he floated not on the surges of *Thetis*, till a favorable Zephyr gale reconducted him in safety to his ship, where couragiously entering, and demanding for the Princes, answer was instantly made him, that they were in the Cabine, playing on the Lute to delight their Ladies; whereupon leaving *Florina* (for a while) at the doore, down goes he to participate of their exquisite melody; the which *Thalmeno* and *Palma* no sooner perceived, but laying their instruments apart, each particularly with his Lady went and saluted him, asking what news? why none quoth *Mador*, but only this, that instead of a rich prize, I have found an inestimable Gem, the valuation whereof, in my conceit, may not sufficiently be numbred by the whole industrious characters of Arithmetiques faculty. *No*, quoth *Athelia* and *Merfilva*, *why then it appeares you have lighted upon the Mint of* Mexico, *or else fallen soule of the Minerals of* Peru. Neither have I, replyed *Mador*, and yet I divinely rejoyce in possessing the tenuity of so sacred a present. Whereunto *Palma* and *Thalmeno* answered, *It is then like Prince* Mador, *that you have understood some novelty from your Princesse* Florina, *or at least seen the resemblant Idea of her beautiful excellency*. *Mador* hearing

the divine name of his *Florina* repeated, cold not refraine from producing secret smiles, because the syllables of her sacred Anagram ravished his sences in an extasie of delectation; whereat *Florina* advancing her pace, presented her selfe before the compleat view of the company; at which beautiful object, *Thalmeno* and *Palma* reflecting their linced regards upon the superlative daintinesse of her Angelical Physnomy, presently conjectured her (as indeed she was) to be the perfect personage of admired *Florina*; but again, not able to ratifie their suspected assurance with certainty, still contemplating on the rarity of such exquisit perfection, looking one on the other, durst not presume in adventuring to salute her; on the other side, *Florina* binding the influence of her speculation upon the mirror of their countenances immediatly (by the Architect of their complexions) deemed them to be *Thalmeno* and *Palma*; but at last after many amorous regards sent from the influence of their eyes were evacuted, *Thalmeno* refetching the sensibility of his conceits, began to esteeme that it was absolutely faire *Florina* upon the soil of which applausible resolution, definitely erecting an assured foundation, he very joyfully stept, and with a lovely kisse saluted her in this sort.

AH sweet *Florina*! thrice welcome to joyfull *Thalmeno*, and millions of thanks to debonair fortune for investing mine eyes with the object of such unexpected blisfulnesse! *Florina* hereat blushing in the Lily soile of her alabaster cheeks (to the spectators

ſpectators ſight) produc'd the apparition of crymſon Roſes; and ſo (after having glanced upon *Medors* excellency) addreſſing her ſpeech to Princely *Thalmeno*, ſhe very gallantly with a modeſt grace, returned him this dulcid reply:

Thanks, courteous Prince, for your heroical benignity; & more then fortunate am I, to be the eſſential ſubject of your dilectable contentation. But here Prince *Palma* interrupting her ſpeeches, went majeſtically, and likewiſe ſaluted her; where betwixt theſe three majeſticks of affection, ſuch joyful plaudities of exquiſite amity was repeated, that *Athelia* and *Merſilva*, (of *Florina* unſeen) ſitting attentively in a corner admired what this unlookt for proſpect betokened; for firſt inveſting the habilement of a jealous conjecture, they thought this minion of beauty was of purpoſe come to fruſtrate their hopes of expected contentation: but inſtantly poizing the fidelity to their Princes by their own affections, and their undaunted loves by their abſolute likings, (repenting themſelves for the conceit of ſuch unmerited inconſtancy) they both reſolved in familiare amity very kindly to ſalute them: but Prince *Medor* ſtanding aloof from their preſence, and conjecturing by the mutability of their countenances, that their imaginations were toſticated in the ſurges of perplexitie, finding a lovely remorſe in his affectionate breaſt, with a gallent (heroical) reſolution went and in this ſort, ſaluted them:

FAir Princeſſes, (and therefor fair, becauſe embelliſhed by ſupreame deity) This beauticous Nymph (if ſpeaking without partiality) which here preſents her ſelfe before the influence of your contemplation, is (only) the ſweet ſubſtance of my (admired) *Florina*; *Florina* I ſay, whoſe exquiſite pourtraict and dainty perſonage I adore as the unique goddeſſe of my capacities felicitie.

Athelia and *Merſilva* ſwallowing down the Ambroſian ſweetneſſe of theſe ſugred ſpeeches, and infuſing in their cerebroſities the unlook't for event of this applauſible accident, demonſtrating by the plaudity of their ſmiling aſpects, that their conceits were rak'd up in the imbers of delectation, with the ſympathizing unity of one melodious voice returned him this harmonical anſwer:

Nay then, Prince *Mador*, we exquiſitely rejoyce in that Celeſtiall deity hath Coroniz'd the trinary of our affections with the Garland of content; and much ſolace in that the fancies of our conceits are ſo blisfully confirmed by the fortunate arrival of your divine *Florina*! Whereupon Prince *Mador* gratifying their courteſies with thanks, and their curioſities with affection, taking each by the Lily hand, determined to go and ſalute his Saint; but on the contrary part, Prince *Thalmeno* and *Palma* conceiving their determination, thought to prevent their purpoſe, and ſo imbracing the Lady *Florina* in their armes, went reciprocally likewiſe to meet them; yea, and in ſuch amorous ſort, that each

each lovely Band advancing there pace, they at laſt very affectionately approached one the other; where on both ſides was demonſtrated ſuch ſuper-ceremonious courteſie, that for inſtant joy me thought my Muſe ſtood ſilent, as being raviſhed with pleaſure in the labyrinth of delectable admiration.

To relate therefore the lovely-ſmiles, affectionate ſighes, piercing countenances, and pleaſant prattle which were banded and ſent between this amorous army, were but a meritorious ſubject to make this my (abrupt) Pamphet ſwel into an ample ſtory. Therefore to avoid prolixity, and yet in ſuch mediocrity, as hoping not to incur the Readers indignation, I will leave to conſider with what fervent deſire each wiſh't themſelves landed upon the (eſteemed Pactolus) ſhoares of golden *Cicilia*, the which the Maſter of the Ship perceiving (having his breaſt penetrated with the conſideration of their tormented amities) failed not to the utmoſte of his power to ſhorten their Seafaring Voyage; ſo that hoyſting on more Saile, and plowing through the liquid intrals of *Nereus*, they at laſt in a radiant day (when *Titan* in his *Meridian* thron began with his ſplendent locks to viſit the Weſtern Plains) very fortunately eſpyed the deſired coaſt of *Cicilia*; which at firſt they could not well make untill the *Ætna* Promontory decided their doubt: which the maſter perceiving (throwing up his Cap for joy) went and immediatly advertiſed our *Cyprine* troop of this fortunate news; which no ſooner was by the Herauld

of

of report bruted amongst them, but instantly leaving their amorous (yet chaste) dalliance, they very cheerefully (being desirous to repleat the influence of their eyes with so wished for an object) most courageously mounted the upper Deck, by which time the winde continually freshing, they were almost approching the shore: the prospect whereof so revived their sickly senses, that Prince *Thalmeus* at last seeing the Ship at an Anchor, very courageously commanded the Boatsen to set them a-land.

In which mean time the three Princesses hying to their cabinets, did so gorgeously dight themselves in the pride of their glistering jollity, that they rather resembled heavenly Nymphs, then humane Paragons, and Sacred Queens, then Terrestrial Personages; For their Angelical cheeks, which their golden hair delighted to sport withall; their globy fronts, within whose Alabaster circumference the Graces range in; their piercing eyes of power, to obscure the brightness of Olympus; and their Ivory paps, wherein their azured veins make their Nectar Ampythrite display such a delicate apparition of Paphian allurement, that I absolutely conjectured *Ulysses* would have stoopt to contemplate on the soyle of their countenance; and *Jupiter* himself, at their delicate sight, to be invested their favourite, would have left fair *Ganymede* desolate upon the Downs of *Ida*. So now the blisful hour of their departure being come, arm in arm, like Saints of Felicity they rushed forth, pre-

preſenting themſelves to their Princes; who attending their arrivall, received them with more then exquiſite applauſe; where amongſt them paſt ſo many millious of Amazon ſpeeches, that the motives thereof, would have daunted the proudeſt enemie of (Angelicall) *Cytherea*: But in fine, they generally taking leave of the Company, (and the Shallop ready) in moſt exquiſite Heroical manner they moſt gallently departed. At whoſe *Ultimum vale*, the Maſter gave ſuch a thundering volley of Ordnance, that the rebounding Eccho thereof drave the Harbouring Cicilians into the affrighting humour of Timeroſitie; upon which unexpected Accident, preſuppoſing that ſome Forreign Enemy was come to invade them, they in ſwarmes of Martiall Troops directed their courſe to the Sea-ſide; upon whoſe obdurate Sands with Drums couragiouſly ſounding, and Enſignes ſumptuouſly diſplayed, they very valorouſly attended their Landing. Our Princes perceiving this unexpected Warlike Aſſembly, began immediatly to doubt the iſſue of their Martiall determinations; ſo that grounding their reſolutions upon the Rock of diſcretion, and their imaginations upon the Bulwark of Tranquility, they afar off commanded a Banner of Truce to be demonſtrated; and ſo evapourating feare from their courage, and timeroſity from their Countenances, they very audaciouſly drew near the ſhore; Which the Cicilians eſpying, being deſirous to know of what Countery they were, and what this unaccuſtomed Alarme meant, in ſwarmes of Martial Troops with

with magnanimous resolutions, they advanced, to prevent their landing: But Prince *Thalmeno* with the rest of his amorous Associates, not passing for their flourishing bravadoes, commanded the Boatsen to row them ashore; which no sooner was effected, but presenting their Ladies with many sugred kisses (for their *Bien Venue*) each conducting his own beautifull Saint, they very valiantly marched forwards: The Cicilians conjecturing to have fought some hot skirmish, being onely instead thereof met by this weake company, drag'd their Ensignes with laughter in the dust, whereas heretofore they superbiously displayed them in the aire with doughtinesse. In fine, the chiefe Commanders of the Regiments, burning with desire to know what this Martial effeminate, Trägi-Cœmedy meant, with couragious resolutions advanced their spaces to parle with them: whom no sooner they approached, but first glancing their aspects upon the beautifull countenances of the Angelicall Ladies, they at last making an Apostrophe from their Beauties, settled their sights upon the bold Complexions of the admired Knights; so that their (Lynceus) eyes ranging circumspectly upon the valorous Physnomy of their Herbical visages, they at last very apparently perceived their Soveraigne young Prince *Thalmeno* to be there present: At which applausible (contemplative) Object, having their hearts conquered with instant Trophies of many delectable Triumphs, they casting aside their weapons, went and submissively prostrated themselves to his feet:

which

whlch Prince *Thalmeno* perceiving, after having gratified their loyall affectionate humility with thanks, commanded them to Troop up their Forces, and ſo to accompany him and his Princely aſſociates to the Palace : Which radiant celeſtiall newes was no ſooner bruted in the Camp, but very ſumptuouſly in Warlike array, the porches being ſtrewed with Laurel boughs and Roſes, they gallantly marched forwards; whereof the ancient King *Druino* being certainly advertiſed, (having his heart raviſhed with the applauſible news of his Son *Thalmeno's* arrivall) inſtantly commanded three ſuperbious rich Coaches to be ſent towards them, to convey him with his Princely companions to the Court, which trampling courageous Courſers, like the Steeds of *Phabus*, made ſuch ſpeedy celerity, that in ſhort time they drew neer the Suburbs of *Meſana*; which being the capital City of *Cicilia*, was ſo proudly dight in the pride of her warlike jolity, that the multitude of roaring Canons, and ſilk (*Iris*) Enſigns being planted on the Bulwarks and Towers, rather made me conjecture it to be famous *Troy*, then fair *Meſana*. The King his father being certified of his neer approach, accompanied with his lovely Queen, together with a gliſtering Regiment of Ladies, and Cavaliers, very Majeſtically iſſued forth to meet them, where before the Port-Royall they ſumptuouſly ſaluted each other, and in ſuch amiable wiſe, as was either in right due to the Father, or in reaſon (correſpondent) befitting the Son, the Queen likewiſe with joyful teares bade him welcome, and

ſo

ſo after having generally ſaluted as well Prince, *Thalmeno*, as *Palma* and *Mador*, with their beautiful Ladies, they in pompeous magnificence rode on to the City; at whoſe joyfull entrance, the Loyal-hearted Inhabitants cauſed ſuch a thundering peal of Ordnance to be diſcharged, that the terrible rebounding eccho thereof not only affrighted *Jupiter* in his Celeſtial Diadem, but likewiſe made *Mars* himſelfe tremble in the (ſacred) Bulwark of his impregnable Citadel; the ſtreets alſo as they paſt, were beautified with many ſumptuous Pageants, where to demonſtrate the Citizens voluntary kindneſſe, this Royal Troop was feaſted with many curious banquets, preſented by peerleſſe Virgins of ſuper-excellent beauty: Thus paſſing the ſtreets in bravery, being impaled by the warlike young men of the City, they at laſt arrived to the dignified Palace; where a double Court of Guard (commanded by the chiefe Nobles of the Iſland) moſt famouſly received them. To recount therefore the ſumptuous Feaſtings, the triumphant Tiltings, the majeſticall Maſques, and the honourable aſſemblies, wherewith King *Druino* admiredly celebrated the arrival, were (I think) ſuperfluous to this my peeviſh Pamphlet, and the Readers diſcreet capacity, becauſe I conjecture he can more curiouſly conceive it in his contemplation, then my Infant-Muſe may any way dilate it; by vertue of which premiſes, to proceed briefly with our hiſtory:

Thalmeno having from point to point diſplayed King *Druino* his Father the manner of his proceedings: as alſo depainted him the vertuous (Princely) diſ-

diſpoſition of the three Angelical Ladies (but eſpecially of his Saint *Athelia*) he being (upon report thereof) deſirous to try if the temple of her ſenſes were adorned with ſuch rare perfections as his Son affirmed, very privately invited her to a ſecret conference; where wreſting her with ſundry intricate queſtions, as well of wit as loyalty, Love as Modeſty; he at laſt found her compleately ſo vertuous, that comparing her ingenious qualities with her Princely deſcent, he accounted himſelfe hapy to be endued with ſo gracious a Daughter, and his Son moſt fortunate in being endowed with ſo peerleſſe a Paragon; the Queen likewiſe reflecting a partial eye upon her modeſt geſture, and prying into the concavity of her Princely conditions, found her naturall qualities to be ſo adorned with the affable demonſtratives of debonair benignity, that perioding her capacity with this definitive reſolution, ſhe thought her not onely to be a ſecond *Diana* for modeſt chaſtity, but alſo a ſuper-excellent *Calliope* for ingenious curioſity; by vertue whereof, ſtil ſeriouſſy ruminating upon the meaſured Cadenca of her Princely educations, as alſo pondering upon the ſplendant vertues wherewith they ſaw the Garden of her gliſtering cerebroſity to be imbelliſhed, ſhe imediately reſolved that no greater bliſſe could accidentally befall her Sonne, then (for his Nuptial compartner) to be graced with ſo ſweet a Princeſs; ſo that the Father being (applauſibly) pleaſed, the Mother more then divinely contented, and both triumphing in the conceits of this delectable ſympathy, could enjoy no ſolace in their eſtimates, nor plea-

pleasure in their contemplation, untill they had assigned the day of desire, wherein the two darlings of Love might enjoy the fruition of their ardent affection; which was not long prefixing; for their Princely Parents knowing the frailty of youth, the force of love, the power of beauty, and the efficacy of temptation, thought whiles occasion did present, to let no opportunity slip; and therefore, in the plaudity of a pleasant humour, appointed that the next Festival (which was some twenty dayes following) their Nuptial Rites should be solemnized; which sacred divine news *Thalmeno* & *Athelia* no so sooner understood, but having their hopes elevated upon the wings of contentation, flew as it were aloft, in the Celestial Paradise of eternity; so, as imbathing their curiosities in the Nectar streames of conceived solace, with many millions of amorous applauds they attended the hour wherein their expectations should be crowned with the heavenly Garland of content. But now to our other Princes and their Ladies, who being by the Herauld of report advertised of *Thalmeno's* Fortunate proceedings, burn with desire upon the Stage of Matrimony to be Actors of the like Comedy; the which *Thalmeno* perceiving, viewing their languishing sickness by his own tormented malady, went to the King his Father, and with a trembling Oration (the tears standing in his eyes) requested that his two Princely companions might likewise under his gracious favour enjoy their vertuous desired Paragons; which condign processe he so authentically sollicited, that the King his Father

Father (with direction) diving into the contavity of his Sons demand, and finding the ſubject of their deſires to be extracted from the pure model of chaſt affection, preſenting pitty before the ſtage of his eyes, and charity upon the Theatre of his contemplations, (with a debonair aſpect) gave ſentence, that one day ſhould finiſh the general triplicities of their marriages. The Zephir winde of which ſweet novelty was no ſooner by *Thalmeno* tranſported to the ears of our amorous regiment, but *Palma* embracing his beautiful *Merſilva*, and *Medor* kiſſing the coraline lips of his faire *Florina*, did in the triumphs of love as it were floate upon the ſtreames of bliſfull applauſe; ſo that their lovely conceits fetching a courſe beyond the confines of *Cynthia*, did (without reſt) range upon the Paradiſe of approaching pleaſures. On the other ſide, whiles theſe Imps of *Venus* were with pleaſant dalliance beguiling the time, King *Druſino* was not idle in making ſumptuous preparations for the celebrating of their weddings: and the more to digniſie that day with heroical triumphs, he through the Carrafours of his Iland (by *Garian* his Herauld of Arms) commanded a Tournoy and Jouſt to be proclaimed; whereunto not onely the Nobles of his Dominions ſhould be welcome, but alſo all Forreign Princes and Cavaliers (whatſoever) might have free acceſſe: The heroical thundring report whereof was no ſooner (by the ſilver trump of fame) diſperſed through the harbouring Nations, but thither (I meane to *Cicilia*) came abundantly flocking many valorous Troups of magnanimous

Martialists; so that at the time of assignation, as there wanted not swarms of prospectors to behold the triumphs, so there needed not innumerable of Cavaliers to satisfie their expectations. So that the joyfull day being come, which as the ingenious *Cicilians* did illustrate with terrestrial bravery, so the gods themselves in the Synod of their resolutions did determine to stellifie with heavenly beauty: for Aurora no sooner gave the obscure night a valorous overthrow, but Splendant *Titan* in his fiery Coach began with his golden rayes to embellish the cincture of the day; when the streets being hung with curious tapestry, the Pageants adorned with glittering ingeny, and the Pavement strewed with *Floras* jollity, by many bands of Kings, Queens, Nobles, and Ladies, these our (Idalian) Lovers most majestically were conducted to the Temple; where being by the Ring of matrimony (till the final period of their lives catastrophe) each firmly united to other; They at last in the plaudity of amorous contented imaginations returned to the Palace, where with curious feasts, sumptuous dances, and stately masks, their marriages were so magnificently solemnized, that the description thereof my easiest Muse (nay all the instinct of *Parnassus*) cannot sufficiently relate: Therefore we will make an Apostrophe from these dignified braveries; and being overvailed with the Curtains of obscure night, bring each of these our amorous lovers to their (terrestrial Paradise) Bed-chambers, where the doors being shut, & they entomb'd within the Ivory shrine of a pair of Lawn-sheets, we will like-

likewiſe leave them to their amorous (divine) pleaſures, and (praying *Venus* to guard them within the liſts of her ſacred influence) return to the next day, wherein the Heroical feats of Chivalry were to be accompliſhed. The morn was fair, the skyes bright, the wind calm, and *Phœbus* in his radiant pavilion delighted to grace the cincture of the day with his meridional beauty: therefore the Tilts being built, the Tents erected, the Cavaliers ready, and the Herauld prepared; let us for a while give Conge to the Court, and with valour direct our Hiſtory to the Campe; wherein a Gallery, Theatre-wiſe, was ſo induſtriouſly built, that the royal Aſſembly, and ſweet Ladies might at their eaſe proſpect all, and in ſafety ſtand unprejudic'd of any, whoſe gliſtering divine beauty ſo glorioufly ſparkled admiration to the (aſtoniſhed) ſpectators, that the excellent contemplation thereof was not onely of compleat power to infuſe valour to the moſt couragious, but alſo of exact force to make a meer Daſtard prove a doughty Conqueror. Now to begin with the Articles projected for Tilting, it was thus ordained, That the *Cicilians* ſhou'd anſwer all commers: Whereupon by the Kings command, the Herauld ſounded to the Combate; when inſtantly, a *Cicilian* Knight gallantly mounted, entering the Liſt, was preſently met by a warlike *Hungarian*, who at the firſt encounter lodging his Lance in his Enemies breaſt, very valorouſly unhorſed him, making him (deſpight his pride) moſt humbly greet the ground with his Perſonage, whereon but even then his horſe ſuperbiouſly trampled: To revenge

whose infamy, another *Cicilian* saluting the King, (fetching his cariere) galloped within the Lists; which, as the first, was by the *Hungarian* in a moment vanquished: The King astonished hereat, by his Page royal sent the Conqueror a Present; and so extoiling highly his valour, commanded two fresh Champions to be admitted; which instantly was accomplished. But wavering Fortune resolved (for a time) to smile on the strange Cavaliers, did by the instinct of her Camelion influence continually afford them victory; so that of twenty *Cicilian* Champions which ran that day, not one remained Conqueror, but all to their immortall shame, returned vanquish'd. The whole assembly admiring hereat, could not refrain from (blushing) astonishment: the which the King remarking (instantly) commanded the Triumphes for that day to break off, and so the general assembly departed. But now as the rumour hereof was bruted abroad, and almost in the Court no other news walking; our three young Princes (I mean *Thalmen Palma* and *Madon*) storming with disgrace to see their associats so defeated, (tickling their conceits with the consideration of honour) & fame likewise in their brests refreshing the embers of magnanimity, they at last gave this period to their resolutions, that the very next morn (secretly) in person (maugre the effects of Fortune) they would maintaine the Combate: Upon which resolute determination, they hied to the Kings Munition-house, and there chose each of them a green Armour of Velvet, imbossed with fixed Stars and Roses of pure beaten gold: But again, the better to bring their purpose

to

to passe, they under the mask of disguise, secretly so wrought with the King, that the next morn, to decide the Combate, there should be of each side elected three chiefe Champions, whereof, whosoever remained Conqueror, should immortally be invested with the Olympian garland of dignified fame. Whereupon *Aurora* (having washt her Amber locks in the azured Plain of *Thetis*) no sooner with her *Cynthian* complexion appeared in the purpled sky, but the Drums traversing the Streets, advertised all (aswel natives as forreigners) of the Kings intended resolution. The *Cicilian* Knights (not knowing of the three Princes determination) prepared themselves to the Combate, and so likewise did the strangers, amongst whom, they elected three magnanimous Princes, whose names anone shall be at large related. In fine, King *Druino*, the Queen, the three Princesses, with the rest of the Nobility, were againe seated in the Theatre, inwardly burning with desire to know on whose side (inconstant) Fortune would encline: whiles thus all things was ready, the Herauld no sooner sounded to the Combate, but three strange Champions entered the Lists, being gallantly mounted and dight in silver Armour, inameled with Azure, having their Plumes all white and blew, prefiguring hope: on the contrary part, whiles the *Cicilians* were in contention, which three should enter: Lo, even then three gallant Cavaliers (being *Cicilians*) unexpectedly arrived, richly mounted upon snow-white Barbarian Coursers, apparell'd in green Armour, having their Plumes crymson and white, displaying the beauty of their Ladies; the King and

company admiring what these unknown *Cicilians* (commending their audacious valour and martiall dexterity) commanded them to begin. So the two foremost having made obeisance, giving Spurs to their Jennets, very valorously advanced; at which furious encounter, they both so gloriously behaved themselves, that it was difficult to censure whose side victory did most favour, but at last the *Cicilian* making a short turn (as being expert in those martial actions) planting his Lance in his enemies Crest, very gallantly bore him off the Saddle, to the no little rejoycing of the whole Assembly, which for ravishing applause shouted amaine. The second stranger, not any thing daunted with his fellows mis-fortune, very courageously set forwards; who, being by the next *Cicilian* as bravely met, were both (at first) very neer dismounted: In which triumphant Combate, having broken their Lances (and sent the shivers in the Aire to band with *Mars*) they retired; but no sooner were they furnished by their Pages with fresh Lances, but giving spurs to their Coursers, they again advanc'd, where the *Cicilian* so gallantly behaved himself, that at the next encounter he forced both horse and man to the ground, yea and with such a terrible fury, that the whole assembly conjectured he had given the world his (last) fatal farewel; which the third strange Champion perceiving (as having his valorous courage inflamed with honour) with an undaunted resolution gave Spurs to his Jennet; so the last *Cicilian* Knight perceiving his approach, with a fierce audacity ran to encounter him, where betwixt these warlike heroical Martialists so many

valo-

valorous feats of Chivalry were demonstrated, that the whole assembly reaped exact applause by prospecting the object of so rare a Combate: but to conclude, as the influence of time giveth a full period to all terrestrial accidents, so in the twinckling of an eye, this strange Cavalier was by the *Cicilian* Knight most famously vanquished, to the no little rejoycing of the joyful spectators, and also to the delicious applause of the King himselfe, who for this fortunate victory (erecting Trophies of contentation in the Center of his Capacity) came himselfe in Person to gratifie these Conquerours with his royal thanks: When (being unarmed) espying them to be his Son *Thalmiéno*, with the other two Princes *Palma* and *Maëor*, having his conceits elevated within the *Eden* of delectation, very courteously went and embraced them, triumphing in the Conquest of their audacious magnanimities. The Queen likewise being advertised of this unlookt for news, accompanied with the three Princesses, *Athelia*, *Merfilva*, and *Florina* (together with a gliftering troop of Ladies) came likewise to salute them, and so (after many amorous speeches were past) conducted them in a most triumphant manner to the Palace; where they were no sooner arrived, but burning with desire to know what these vanquished Knights were, they so wrought with the King, that he presently dispatched a Nobleman of his (gallantly followed) to request them to the Court; when instantly, those vanquished Cavaliers (nothing daunted with the infidelity of misfortune) accompanied with many Troops of va-

lorous Knights (with a gallant reſolution) directed their pace to the Court, where paſſing the ſilver Hall and golden Gallery, they were conducted to the dignified Chamber of Preſence, where the King, Queene, and Princeſſes, under a glorious Canopy of purple imboſſed with Diamonds, attended their arrivall; at whoſe enterance, deſcending their Thrones of Eſtate, they advanc'd to ſalute them. But now remark the mutability of fortune; for our three beautiful Paragons preſenting themſelves before their Preſence (with intent to ſalute them) and glancing their eyes upon the phyſnomy of their complexion, immediately perceived them to be their (unexpected) naturall Fathers; the ſodaine ſight whereof ſo daunted their contemplations, that betwixt love and feare, they proſtrateing themſelves to their feet, very inſtantly fell to the ground, demanding pardon; At which comical accident the Cavaliers prying more ſeriouſly upon their baſhful complexions, found them abſolutely to be their onely daughters; ſo that naturall affection conſtraining them to rain fountaines of teares from the Conduits of their eyes, being in conceit raviſhed with the joyful alarum-bell of this unlooke for news, they elevated them againe on their feet, and ſo banding their ſight each upon others countenances, they in the plaudity of that heavenly contemplation a long time remained ſilent; but at laſt accumulating their wits before the throne of diſcretion, and ſteeling their tongues with the phraſe of joyfull acclamation, they in ſighing ſort breathed out theſe ſpeeches:

Wel-

Welcome sweet Daughters to your (once) sorrowfull Fathers, and millions of thanks to celestial deity for re-vesting our eyes with the desired object of your beautifull personages: Which King *Druino* with his Queen no sooner overheard, but perceiving them to be the happy Parents of these vertuous Ladies, in most affectionatewise graciously went and saluted them, blessing the divine hour which afforded them the honour of their presence, and exquisitely rejoycing in that by their arrivals they were made so exceedingly fortunate. The three Angelical Princesses all this while having their pleasant countenances metamorphosed to sorrowful complexions, with teares in their eyes stood trembling for timerosity, fearing least their Fathers would rebuke them for their disobedient audacity. The which their Fathers perceiving, (but not supposing that either of them were married) with chearfull countenances demanded the cause of their disconsolations; who having their senses overvailed partly with sorrowful feare, and partly with natural affection, dying their visages with a vermilion-blush, stood meerly silent, as trembling to incamp the avant-guard of their speeches. The which King *Druino* remarking, very boldly stept to their Fathers, and related him, That being married without your Princely condescents, he supposed they doubted to discover it, fearing left they should (deservedly) incurre the livery of your indignation. Married! quoth their Fathers; why, to whom? Surely, quoth *Druino*, *Athelia* to Prince *Thalmeno* my Sonne and heir apparent to my Crowne; *Merfilva* to Prince *Palma*

Sonne

Son to *Blithgora* King of *Egypt*, and *Florma* to Prince *Madon* son to *Orlando* King of *Biasara*. The which these Kingly Parents no sooner understood, but triumphing in that their Daughters were so honorably matched, they amorously went, and most sweetly embraced them: King *Druino* seeing them herewith divinely contented, determining to add more applause to their ravished conceits, told them likewise that it were those three dignified Gallants (their Sons in Laws) that so valorously had conquered them; which againe administring more joy to the plurality of their pleasant imaginations, did so tickle their conceits with Nectar applauds, that they desired they might fix their eyes upon the object of their Sons personages, which immediately was performed; For our Heroical young Princes no sooner understood the Zephir news of this strange novelty, but instantly posting to their presence, they very obediently saluted them, imploring pardon for their audacious enterprises, which with a gracious benigne reply was soon granted them, and so embracing them (in their daughters sights) with a sweet affectionate sympathy, they in publique view generally from their hearts, ratified that which before was solemnly solemnized. King *Druino* perceiving this unexpected Heroical meeting, remarking how these sweet Martialists of affection were with their sweet Paragons fortunately united, failed not in most triumphant order to imbellish this dignified Assembly with sumptuous bravery: So as banquetting these forraigne Kings with such Princely entertainment as was befitting their Majestical personages, For a long

time

time retained them in his Cicilian Kingdom, to the no leſſe applauſe of his faithfull Subjects, then admiration of all forreign ſpectators; many dayes were expired in ſolemnizing theſe ſumptuous Triumphs, the dignified honour whereof mounting the skies, will till eternity redound to the Cicilians immortall fame. The three renowned Kings ſeeing it now high time to draw homewards, (becauſe they knew the publique affairs of their Kingdoms required their preſence) repaired themſelves to depart; and ſo gratifying King *Druino* for their Royall entertainment (as alſo taking their gracious Conge of the Queen and the Nobility of *Cicilia*) they at laſt (with their Princely Sons and Daughters) moſt ſumptuouſly imbarqued themſelves: when a favorable Zephir gale blowing them from the Cicilian coaſt, did moſt pleaſantly reconduct them in ſafety to their own Kingdomes; ſo as *Thalmeno* being with his fair *Athelia* arrived in the Territories of *Zanſara*, *Palma* with his ſweet *Merſilva* in the Country of *Bohemia*, & *Mador* with his dear *Florina* in the confines of *Numidia*, they all very contentedly there lived in the height of moſt amorous affection: till at laſt death (by the Dart of *Thanatos*) as ſummoning the aged Parents to pay nature her due, and being deprived from the vanity of this earthly Kingdome, to be inveſted Saints in the Celeſtial Monarchy, Our young Princely Martialiſts of love were in their ſtead moſt triumphantly Crowned, where living in delectable tranquillity, they along time reigned to their hearts continuall comfort, their ſoules eternall contentation.

FINIS.

The Authors concluſitive Epiſtle to the (Gentlemen) Readers.

GEntlemen, having finiſhed the eſſence of this my peeviſh Pamphlet, and given (for a whiles) my Ruſtical Muſe exact Conge (ſecurely) to repoſe in the vaſtal grave of ſilence; I began to excogitate with my capacity, whether I ſhould produce this my abortive Elfe before the Theatre of the worlds contemplation, or elſe (with the Midwifes of *Egypt*) make the joyfull hour of his projection, the (untimely) ſepulchre of his fatal cataſtrophe, ſo that premeditating ſeriouſly in ſo Tragi-comical a conflict, how to circumference my conceits within the (deſired) Liſts of (amiable) unity, I at laſt in the Chaos of my diſtempered cerebroſity, felt the citadel of my thoughts to be very dangerouſly aſſaulted by two martial and mortal Rivals, the one was called Diſcretion, the other Nature; which with authentical motives (before the Bar of my capacity) artificially pleaded for a definitive ſentence: firſt began Diſcretion, who with the phyſnomy of a cheerful countenance, ſolicited, that in this golden age of Poetry (wherein Invention hath pierc'd the Aire, and is long ſince Characſtered in the Skie) I ſhould not preſume to attribute wings to my Eagled Muſe, but rather nip her audacious Plumes, and ſo compel her to obſerve a lower Climate,

which

which might best correspond with the influence of her imbecility: An ardent desire I had to allow of this exhortation; but Nature instantly (with tears in her eyes, and her sorrowful hair dandling about her ruthful cheeks) began with penetential sighs to plead for audience, and so submissively prostrating her self to my feet, spake as followeth: Imbrue not thy (*Cynthian*) hands in the innocent blood of thy Pamphlet; but rather cherish him with care, project him to the world, and commit him to his fortune. Which having pronounced, they both in a moment vanished, and so left me desolate to the contemplation of a Legion of restlesse incumbrances. Being thus tosticated in the surges of perplexity, and almost inguiph'd in the brinish ocean of my tears, I began to ponder on some speedy invention which might free me from accustomed aggravations but continually finding my mirth diverted to misery, and my exhileration to dolefulnesse, I again (from *Cylla* to *Charybdis*) fell into the dedale of effeminate despaire; but at last delicious consolation (presenting me with the (*Ariadnes*) thred of comfort) brought me out of the labyrinth of perplexity, by talling to this (premptory) resolution, to betake my Elfe to the world, thereby to enjoy the Nectar of a future peaceable tranquility. So now Gentlemen, by vertue of the premises, I here send you my Pamphlet, not apparelled in *Arcadian* suits, nor embellished in Faery ornaments, but rather wrapt in a thred-bare mantle of Simplicity, stich'd with Ignorance, lin'd with Illiterature, and fac'd with Folly; wherein you shall find nothing (by the pen-

Pencill of *Apelles*) polished, but all things (with the Poems of *Aperontius*) imperfect, and to conclude, every line wanting the dulcid (stillified) method of (these our times) ingenius (*Parnassius*) curiosity; nevertheless my poor unsavory Poem was predestinated to be seen; and therefore, what the Fates impose for a period, I have not presumed to contradict with denial: Now Gentlemen, having perused (at your leasures) the harsh (discordant) phrases of my *Pamphlet*, and with unpartial contemplation waded through the Bryars of my imbecillity, I do stand as a trembling offendor before the benign Bar of your favours, fearing lest meritoriously I have incurr'd your (cholerick) indignation, in presuming to consecrate my peevish Labours to the nimble Presse; but pardon Gentlemen I beseech you my audacious resolution, and at the sintere implorations of my Juvenility excuse my fondling Muse for bad Characters in her invention: mean while, if I understand you give my *Flower of Fidelity* but the least show of a gracious acceptance, I will this Winter inforce my selfe to be conversant with the Muses, and compel my quill to quaffe a (Nectar) dram at the sacred font of *Castalia*, to the end that the next ensuing Summer I may present your capacities with some fine conceited Pamphlet of greater demerit.

JOHN REYNOLDS.

The Authors Farewel to his Book.

UNtimely Imp! conceiv'd by destiny,
Produc'd by fate of Muses plaudity!
Saile through the watry Bowres of Neptune plain,
Thy native home, fair Albion's *Isle to gain;*
Whose dainty soile sweet lovely Flora *gay*
With fragrant Roses, Lilies doth array.
Where being landed, if thou chance to light
Within the ken of Friends prospective sight,
Then rest in peace, securely there remain,
As long as kindly he doth thee retain:
But if by fate again thou chance to flie
Within the lists of any Soilists eye,
Which with detraction seeks to blast thy face,
Or else triumph in acting thy disgrace;
From such ambitious fellows swiftly skip,
And back return, thy Top-sailes hoist a-trip;
Bewaile thy birth, and thy conception rue:
And so my Pamphlet-Book farewell, adieu.

J. R.